

*C. M. Ostrander*

*Sketch of Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

ILLUSTRATED.

THE



CONTRIBUTOR.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



VOLXIII FEBRUARY 1892 No 4



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# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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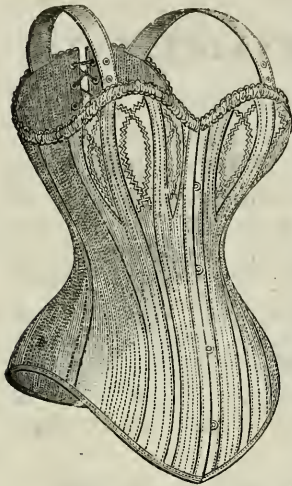
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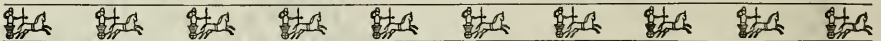


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The occurrences of late, both locally and nationally, are fraught with much interest to those who keep up with the country's history and progress. Among the most important of these occurrences, nationally, we might name the Home Rule and bills to help Utah herself.

The speeches of the gentlemen interested in the passage of these bills, as well as those opposed to them, have been read by the public. The bill for the free coinage of silver has been introduced and commented upon. The protestations of the anti-Hill faction have been uttered, the Cleveland Democrats are working, and the Whitney boom looks threatening. The Blaine withdrawal has left Harrison master of the Republican situation. Locally, the discovery of mines and gas wells, the Legislature and its work, the municipal election returns and the distribution of official favors, and the great Democratic and astonishing Republican gains, have kept the public pulse beating abnormally. All these things are of much concern, but our good people should not forget, in this time of sensations and startling social and political changes that we should have an interest in all home enterprises and should assist in the development of home talents. These are too varied to be enumerated. We, however, call attention of all who are interested in good solid, home literature to the pleasing changes made in the organ of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations. The introduction of half-tone engravings illustrating our articles was a happy thought, making the magazine one of high class and sought after more than ever. The articles on the Pilgrims are timely, preparing one for an appreciation of the anniversary of the discovery of this country. The magazine has been enlarged and volume thirteen will contain one hundred extra pages, and be improved in every way that the people's patronage will justify. The subscription is two dollars a year. Binding, fifty cents a volume.

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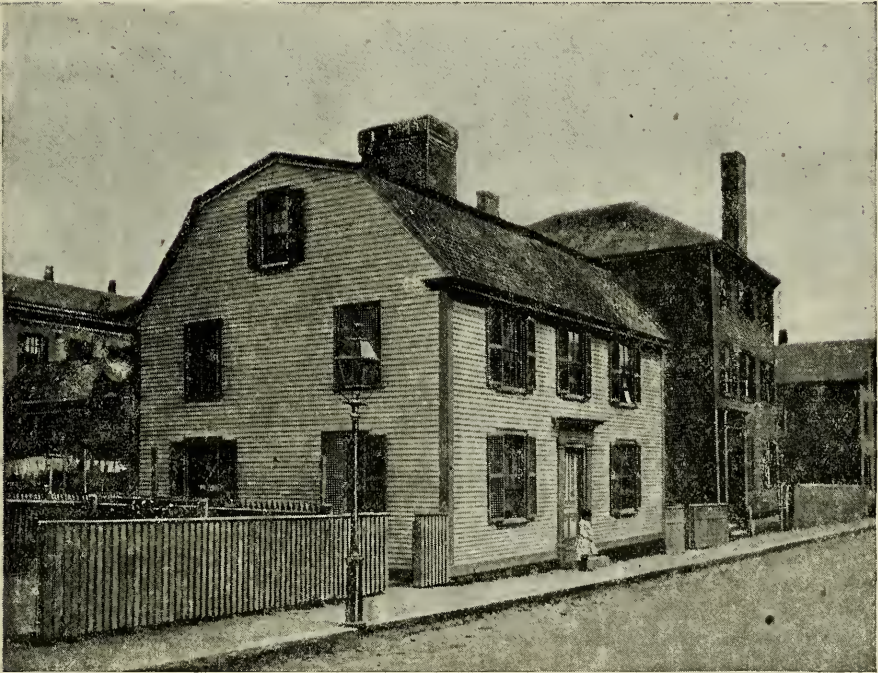
# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XIII.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

No. 4.

SALEM.



HAWTHORNE'S BIRTHPLACE.

## II.

THE thickly clustered old frame houses, mossy landmarks, narrow streets, half deserted, and the empty harbor whose waters still splash against the solitary beach, relate the old, old story of growth and decay. Where Salem on the south overlooks the harbor might have been seen, many years ago, a busy mart; its streets were crowded with seamen rushing to and fro, some about to embark for a long voyage to the tropical islands of the South Sea, and taking an

anxious farewell from family and friends. Others had just arrived, and with joy looked upon the inviting landmarks of familiar associations, and received in enthusiastic delight and warm embrace, the cheerful welcome of loved ones. All was life; the shops and restaurants were full of speculations and profit. Commercial transactions in which men embarked with an eager and hopeful anticipation were going on day and night; men took risks and ventured all in some foreign enterprise. Good news were sought for

on the return of each ship. The curious and idlers, too, found food for their curiosity and some profit even in idleness as they listened to strange stories and novel descriptions of distant lands. The shouts of the seamen, the noise and confusion on board the ships, the moving in and out of great loads of freight, and restless activity and absorbing interest of men engaged by the thousands to the extreme limit of mental and physical endurance, all gave a proud commercial distinction to old Salem. Times have changed. The fair queen of commerce laid her arts and charms to ensnare and Salem's ships were enticed elsewhere. Her empty port and solitary shores, her lonely streets and vacated stores live on in the sombre memories of some few aged citizens as relics of better and palmier days. The old seaport of Salem is not wholly unlike many ports of foreign lands, many that have surrendered life to the shifting fortunes and caprice of man.

Go to Pisa and wander amid the deserted thoroughfares of her once busy marts, or thread the lonely waterways of picturesque Venice, it is the same old story. The shores of the Mediterranean relate a long list of stories from partial to absolute decay. These changes have only limited and transferred to other pursuits the city's life; the first history of Puritanic decay has yet to be written. From one of Salem's old sea captains there descended a son whose life and genius shgd new lustre on the town and revived an abiding interest in its historical and traditional past.

In the Custom House description Hawthorne refers to the old judge, his ancestor of witchcraft delusions, and takes to himself the shame even of his memory. The old judge has not wanted defenders of his name and there are many apologists who refuse to think Mr. Upham in his history of "Salem Witchcraft" has done justice to the name of Hawthorne or Hathorne as the great romancer has preferred to spell it. Others, too, whose only claim to greatness is found in the blood, have not failed to discover a relationship between themselves and the author and have

traced the name back to honorable and distinguished English nobility. The explanation of Nathaniel's greatness can hardly be discovered in his progenitors. Geniuses are anomalies not explained by heredity and descent, and Hawthorne, the first writer to give eminence to American letters abroad, is no exception. Not much and by no means the most important part of his literary work was done there; but the name of Salem has received half its celebrity and most of its veneration from the magic touch of his pen. In No. 21 Union Street in a very modest looking house in a quiet part of the town Nathaniel Hawthorne was born. It is a frame of two stories, plain and built on the square according to the characteristic plainness of Puritanic life. The street which it faces is narrow and solitary, and suggests the simplicity of his early life and surroundings. A room in the northwest corner claims the special honor of his birthplace. But the house in its lonely aspect appeals to the imagination strongly in the story of Hawthorne's mother. She was left a widow at twenty-eight and with the peculiar regard for Puritanic customs of her day, withdrew from the world into the most solitary seclusion, the effects of which made a strong impression on the life of her illustrious son. But there is probably no building in Salem that elicits more the curiosity of the stranger than the old Custom House. It looks as though it may well have been the model for every county court house in Utah. Its importance to the sea-faring world is a thing of the past, though it keeps up an official existence with an income on customs from \$7,000 to \$10,000 a year.

The old eagle perched upon the Custom House is described by Hawthorne as an "enormous specimen of the American eagle, with outspread wings, a shield before her breast, and if I recollect aright, a bunch of intermingled thunderbolts and barbed arrows in each claw."

From 1846-49, Hawthorne enjoyed his country's patronage as surveyor of Salem's port, and it was here that he tells us he found the manuscript of the *Scarlet Letter*. As you enter at the first door to



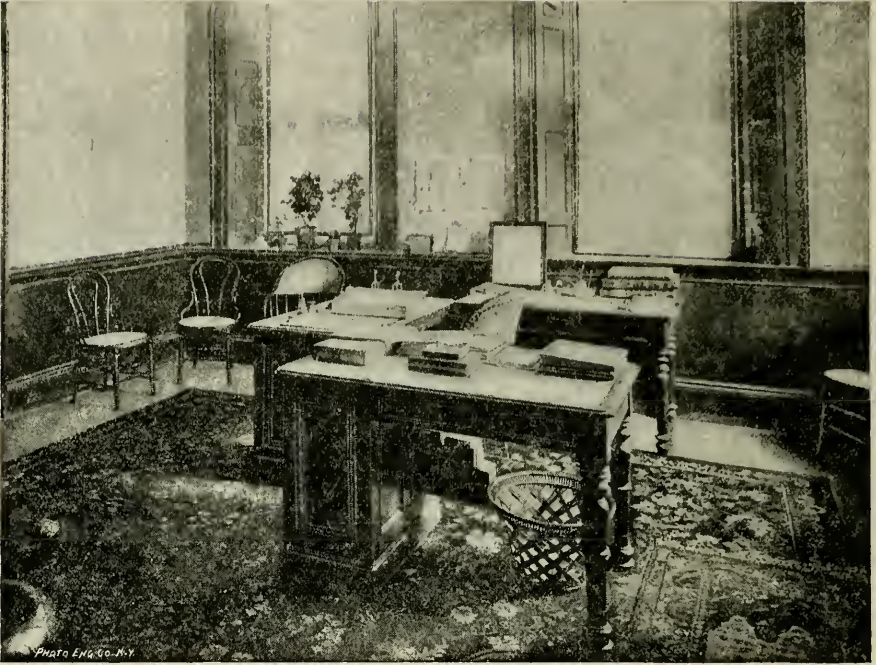
CUSTOM HOUSE AND OLD LADIES' HOME.

the left, you are met by a genial official who appears to feel that his first duty is to tell the visitor all that he may be curious to know. You may sit down where the great writer was wont to sit, and gaze out of the window upon the port, and pass the irksome hours with the keenest sense of his misfit to the place and its attendant life.

In the second story, in a room to one side, the visitor is permitted to indulge his fancy over the *Scarlet Letter* manuscript, which is described in the Custom House scene of that book, though the room was then in an unfinished state. The most interesting object about the place, was the old guard at the top of the building, watching presumably for ships that arrive, maybe once a week. He was the most talkative man I had met in all New England. He must have acquired the habit of talking to himself to avert the danger in his lonely and useless task of going stark mad. He knew his neighbors well and seemed to be interested in what they were doing, he knew something, too, of earlier days, and of what Salem used to be, but supposed that

Boston had "got it all now." It was then much of what it is now, a sinecure; but it was a desirable one to Hawthorne who was not worldly and business-like in his methods. The struggle for existence had been a hard one and the office afforded some relief; but it was a political gift and a change of administration brought its severe disappointment to him. He was not a politician and the pecuniary wants to this great American genius, and his humiliating efforts so vain and unheeded, have long provided abundant pathos among civil service reformers of the nation.

As the *Scarlet Letter* has long been regarded as Hawthorne's most popular book, I was anxious to learn all I could about its history, and went to No. 14, Mall Street, where I gazed intently at the old frame three story house, in which he wrote the book during his three years' residence there. There was going on just then some dispute about which room he wrote in, and my curiosity led me to knock at the door. The good housewife was occupied in the familiar construction of a pie, that exquisitely fine

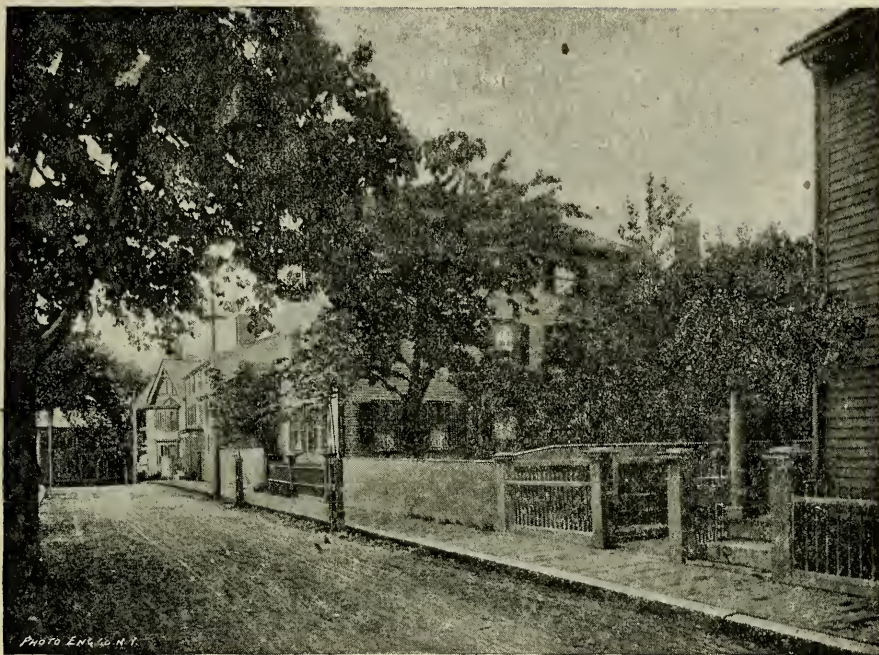


OFFICE OCCUPIED BY HAWTHORNE IN THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

wrought instrument of American torture that will be as curious to the few among the future generations who may survive it as the French guillotine, since more than a hundred thousand people die every year in the United States from its effects. The lady was genial, and looked as whole souled as the pie itself. She led me to the third story and repeated the assurance that had lately been given to her by one acquainted with Hawthorne and one who had visited him during his labors on the manuscript. It is the plainest of rooms, neat and just such a retired spot as was fitting to the solitary genius who has immortalized it. In those days when there were but few houses in the vicinity, an expansive view afforded relief and freedom to a soul that was wont to people the realms of space with hosts of strange and weird creatures of an imagination filled with all the superstitions and witchcraft delusions of old colonial Salem.

Hawthorne felt that his existence in the Custom House was a prostitution of his genius and none sensed more keenly than himself the loss of manhood and

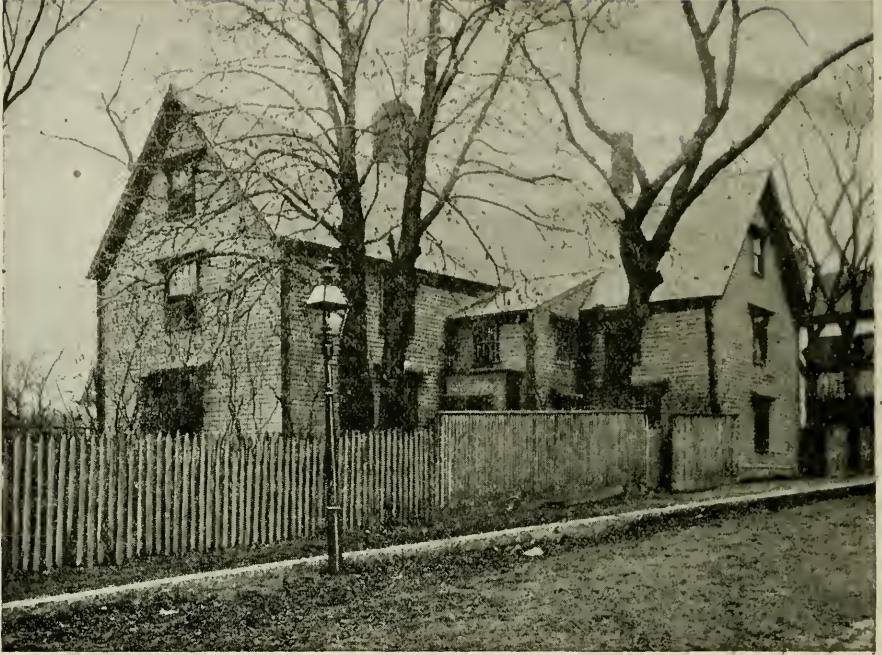
the abject humiliation of a life limited to the routine of office work. And while he was thus engaged in labors so uncongenial to him, his literary efforts were unsuccessful and almost non-productive. But in spite of his contempt for those whose highest ambition was an office, he struggled to maintain his position. He wrote letters and importuned, but without avail. He had saved little after paying off a few debts which he had incurred, so that when he was thrown ruthlessly out of the government's patronage he resorted to his pen. His earliest effort now became his most popular one, and from the depth of his disappointment and the gloom of financial misfortunes came the *Scarlet Letter*. The plot of his work was laid in Boston and the reader who visits Corn Hill and lingers about King's Chapel, may readily locate the scenes. The book was received with the unusual and unparalleled delight of the American public. The first edition of five thousand copies was sold within ten days. The contrast at this time between the people of Salem



HAWTHORNE'S HOME.

and the rest of the world was very striking. Hawthorne in his prefatory chapter on the Custom House had dealt somewhat plainly with the characters of that place and had awakened considerable prejudice in his native town. He was a democrat of a wholly different character from Salem democrats in those days. He had but little sympathy for them, took no part in their gatherings, being so retired by habit that they took offense and did all they could to bring about his loss of office. The *Scarlet Letter* is, perhaps, less artistic than some of his subsequent books; but it furnishes striking portrayals of early colonial life in Boston so much so that the apparent absence of a well defined plot does not mar the beauty of the realistic characters. The book was favorably received in Europe and all but universally read in America. In the same house was also written the *Snow Image*. On my way to Mall Street I made a number of inquiries. Two gentlemen sat in the shade of a chestnut in the public gardens, from whose ancient appearance I hoped to learn something of famous Salem personages. Every ques-

tion brought an indifferent shake of the head, and finally both acknowledged that they had never heard of Hawthorne, though one was almost sure he had heard of the name. I was never in a place where the famous landmarks of celebrated literary lights were absolutely unknown to so many persons. Next to his birthplace, the House of the Seven Gables, is perhaps the best known place of Hawthorne's associations. Like most of the dwelling houses in the towns of Massachusetts, it is frame. In his day it was owned by a Miss Ingersoll, and it is said was a place of frequent resort of the great romancer. It is now owned by a Salem dancing master, whose daughter, for the bright souvenir of a quarter, is pleased to show the stranger about the place into the various rooms suggestive of the plot and characters in the "House of the Seven Gables." The large front room, styled the parlor, is low and somewhat sombre, and it would not be difficult to associate it with the character of Clifford. The window is deep and on its sill Hawthorne is said to have whiled away many hours. Here he could get a full and delightful view of



HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES.

the bay and Marblehead, the home of the great Judge Story, beyond. But when the lady informed us that the story was written—much of it—while enjoying from this window the watery landscape, she was evidently not aware that it was not written until after Hawthorne left Salem and located in Lenox. Facing the street is a small low room, which might well have answered the purposes of Hepzibah's shop, and the garret above might also have served as the daguerreotypist's haunts. The location of the well in the garden was merely fanciful, but an effort was made to locate all the important places of the plot—even the hen-house of old Chanticleer. The house has many gables, but not the prescribed number of the romance, though its number may well have suggested the name of the title. Hawthorne is said to have denied that he had any prototype in mind when he wrote his book, but it must be acknowledged that this traditional house does much to aid the imagination in locating the scenes and following the characters in the plot. But the place

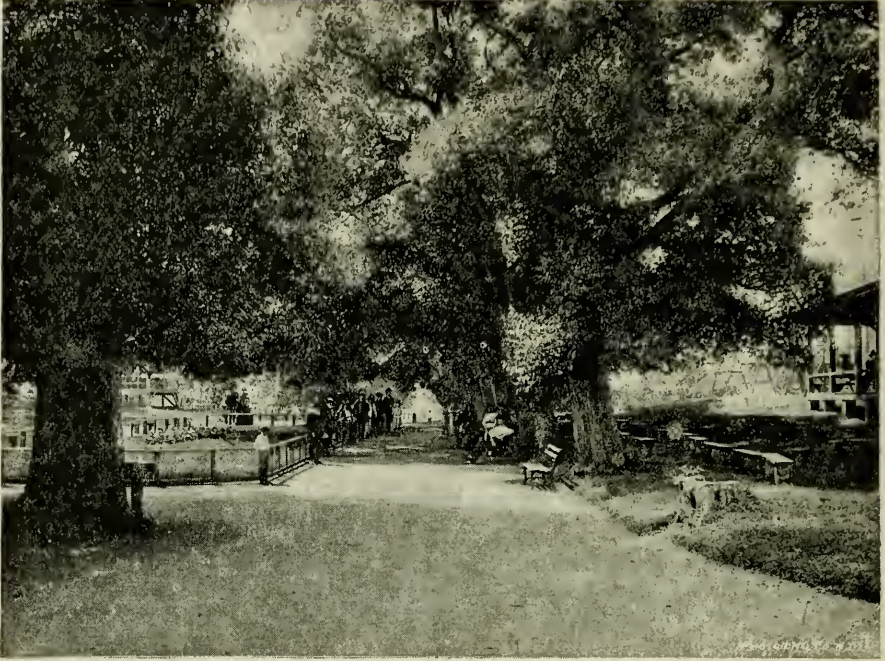
must always have been a secluded one, and the public highway, with its busy life, as described in the romance of the "Seven Gables," can not well be imagined in the present street. After one has read "The House of the Seven Gables," one is strongly impressed with the number of striking resemblances found in the history of the Hawthorne family. The early distinction and notoriety which the family once enjoyed seem to have declined from the notorious Judge Hawthorne, of withcraft delusion. The same family likewise owned an estate in Maine, the papers giving title to it having long been lost. These scraps of family biography the author employs in his romance, and distinctly, in his preface, avows the purpose, illustrating the curse and decline that follow evil genius in ancestral life. It is the old story of four generations of Biblical allusion. But Nathaniel came to redeem the family name, and in the world of letters make it one of the most conspicuous in America. The work is a standard of art, and enjoys a world-wide reputation;



and the relics associated with its production and history, receive increasing attention from all who enjoy the study and biography of the Salem bard. The study and importance of early Puritan life have been highly enriched by Hawthorne's writings, and no one of his works has contributed more as a romance to New England history, than "The House of the Seven Gables." In the ecstasy of the dilettante, one may exclaim, "You ought to read it!" James Russell Lowell pays this very handsome compliment in a letter to the author: "I have been so delighted with the 'House of the Seven Gables,' that I can not help sitting down to tell you so. I thought I could not forgive you if you wrote anything better than the 'Scarlet Letter;' but I cannot help believing it a great triumph that you have been able to deepen and widen the impression made by such a book as that. It seems to me the 'House' is the most valuable contribution to New England history that has been made. It is with the highest art that you have typified (in the revived likeness of Judge Pyncheon to his ancestor the Colonel) that intimate relationship between the present and the past in the way of ancestry and descent, which historians so carefully overlook. Yesterday is commonly looked upon and written about as of no kin to to-day, though the one is the legitimate child of the other, and has its veins filled with the same blood."

Just east of the town on what is variously known as Salem Neck, Juniper Point, and the Willows is a long narrow stretch of land projecting into the sea. In recent years it has been made a popular summer resort and is frequented every afternoon, during the warm season by hundreds from town, who pass the time under the pavilions, in the gardens, restaurants, skating rink or in boats. It is quite the custom in recent years among the people of New England to spend a month or two during summer, in the mountains or on the sea shore. This custom has become so universal that cheap but tastefully erected frame houses are built for family use, in which at a

very small expense, men can indulge their families in these seaside luxuries and by means of rapid transit attend to business in the city and return at evening to the sea shore. The "Willows" has been employed for this purpose, and upwards of a thousand people make their homes in this cool retreat during the summer months. There are shady resorts, pleasant walks along the beach, swings, whirligigs, croquet grounds, and other amusements for old and young. People used to retire to the sea shore; but they rush there now, so that the quiet seclusion of the elect, not a score of years ago, has been converted into a tumultuous throng of the veriest babel one ever beheld. In Hawthorne's day, when the voices of nature communed with the solitary Rambler in quest of retreat from scenes of human activity and confusion, the great romancer was wont to stroll along the beach, or in shaded bypaths where the voices of nature commingle but never confuse. What dreams, what fancies, what worlds of imagination peopled his fertile brain, and bade his admirers' respectful and solicitous attention as they from their deep fountain poured forth a rich and continuous stream of pure and ornate romance. Just across the bay, lay Marblehead's rocky shores, where Whitefield gazed upon the stone covered land and exclaimed, "pray, where do they bury their dead?" But this favorite retreat of Hawthorne's is peopled by other beings, and the charms of solitude to the rich genius of the imagination have become by human interference sterile landmarks in the realm of the ideal world. There are neither the attractions of a city nor the rural charm of the country about Salem, and with the exception of the Willows, no resort worthy of mention is found about the town. Hawthorne, even in his youth, seems to have had little love for the place, and after four years' residence as inspector of the port, may from his utterances, be supposed to have fairly detested Salem. Much of his dislike must be attributed to the methods of the politicians of his day, and the unhappy treatment he received at their hands. In



SALEM WILLOWS.

a letter to Horace Mann, he writes: "I mean as soon as possible—that is to say, as soon as I can find a cheap, pleasant, and healthy residence—to remove into the country, and bid farewell to this abominable city; for, now that my mother is gone, I have no longer anything to keep me here."

As I am about to lay down my pen the *Boston Herald* comes to hand containing an account of the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the famous witchcraft delusion. It has just been held under the auspices of the "Danver's Historical Association." To celebrate heroism, patriotism, and the noble achievements of men is common the world over; but to celebrate a delusion is one of the peculiar characteristics of modern scientific and historic research. The Salemites refute strenuously the responsibility of Salem for these strange freaks of religious conduct, by locating persons and scenes entirely outside of Salem. Some investigations of the Danver's Society are interesting to the students of history, among the most

striking of which is the estimate that nine million persons have become the victims, throughout Europe, of this religious malady. The name of Salem has passed into history with men and events inseparably associated with its annals. She has given to the world her share of genius and greatness. She has enriched the professions of law, commerce, and literature, and if her shortcomings have cast shadows over, here and there, a page of her history, many of her pages are bright, and the landmarks of the past attract the attention and study of the devotees of history and art from all parts of the world

*Joseph M. Tanner.*

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When you meet with neglect, let it rouse you to exertion instead of mortifying your pride. Set about lessening those defects which expose you to neglect, and prove those excellences which command attention and respect,—*Sidney Smith.*

He that can have patience, can have what he will.—*Franklin.*

## THE PHYSICIANS IN ANCIENT ROME.

"AT ONE time the whole art of healing consisted in the knowledge of a few medicinal herbs, with which bleeding was stopped and wounds were healed." With these words, Seneca characterizes the condition of medicine in the primitive days of the Roman Republic. A medical profession as such was lacking. Good friends, charitable women, and faithful servants rendered the necessary services in an emergency. The father of the household was at the same time the physician of the household.

From the testimony of ancient authors, as well as from the sum of medical knowledge, it is learned that already before the Greek influx in Rome, there were physicians who practiced the art of healing professionally. True, they were inferior in knowledge and skill to their Greek colleagues. Therefore, they at first welcomed Greek medical art in Rome with joyful expectation, but after more intimate acquaintance with its practice and practitioners there ensued disappointment. It was to be expected that among the crowd of immigrants, who came to seek their fortunes in the progressive and powerful rising Tiber City, there were a number of adventurers, for whom no means was too ignoble or vile to attain that end. Conspicuous by their foreign aspect and that feature of charlatanism peculiar to their oriental home, but so repugnant to the severe morals of the Romans, they rendered themselves contemptible and odious by their bragging and avarice. The first among these Greek newcomers, who directed public attention to himself, was Archagathos.

His surgical operations created such excitement that the senate conferred upon him the Roman citizenship, and caused a drug store to be erected at public expense in a populous part of the city. Later he lost the favor of the public, as he was said to evince too much pleasure in "cutting and burning," and they said of him that he was no surgeon, but a carnifex and executioner.

The noble Romans had only an amateur interest for medicine—they con-

sidered the practice of the medical profession as an occupation suitable only for foreigners or people of base extraction, for servants and slaves.

Whoever desired to learn the art of healing apprenticed himself to a physician. Antiquity did not know medical institutions in our sense.

The maxims which the celebrated Galenus gave his disciples, before he admitted them to his patients, are quite drastic. "They must not vex the sick with loud noise, clattering with the feet; they must wear neat clothes and a fitting hair dressing; they must neither eat onions nor garlicks, nor drink too much wine before calling on a patient, lest they make themselves obnoxious by bad smell from the mouth and stink like he-goats."

The duration of the term of studies was varying and depended on the students' abilities, scientific wants, and financial means. While Galenus devoted eleven years to his medical students, Thessalus promised to develop his scholars within six months into physicians. Among them were, as Galenus reports, people who shortly before had been working as cooks, dyers, cobblers, wool-spinners, weavers, or fullers.

As many physicians had only a defective professional training, they confined themselves to one branch of the healing art only. They had special physicians for children's ailments, as well as for old age. Then there were specialists for peculiar methods of cure, for instance, for hydrotherapy, for milk cure, for the application of certain herbs and drugs. The division of surgery and medicine proper was generally recognized. It was not customary in Rome to practice both branches of the healing art at the same time.

In many cases the sick or their friends would consult several physicians. Then the physicians would consult one another, in order to establish the diagnosis and mode of treatment in common counsel. Even Hippocrates said, "It is no disgrace when a physician, who is at a loss in a certain case and fails to understand its conditions for lack of experience, calls

on other physicians, so that he may discuss the matter with them and establish what can be done for the relief of the patient." From the records of Pliny and Galenus, there seem to have occurred ugly scenes at some of these "fraternal" consultations.

The physicians were entitled to demand a fee for their services; but in this they should, as Hippocrates says, be guided only by a view of obtaining the means for their further education in the profession. Neither should they charge inhumanely, but take into account the means and situation of the patient, even rendering gratuitous assistance at times, always bearing in mind that the remembrance of a good deed is worth more than a temporary gain. The Prætor, Manlius Cornutus, paid the physician who delivered him of a troublesome skin affliction, two hundred thousand sesterces (ten thousand dollars). The same sum was demanded by Charmis, who created a great stir with his cold water treatment, for a cure which he undertook in the province. When Q. Stertinius was to be appointed private physician to Emperor Claudius, he declared that the salary offered him (two hundred and fifty thousand sesterces) was too low, as his practice netted him an annual income of thirty thousand dollars, as he proved by enumerating the families whose special medical adviser he was. Pliny also names a few millionaires among the physicians; but these were only exceptions. Taking into account the difference in the money values, these figures surpass the wildest dreams of our most illustrious modern practitioners.

But the social status of the physicians improved only slowly, though gradually. This they owed in part to the successful efforts of those representatives of their profession who, through the profundity of their knowledge, and the purity of their character, secured the esteem and admiration of their fellow citizens, and in part to the rapidly increasing recognition of the necessity of the medical art. Scarcely ever has its dignity, its ideal significance, been better characterized than by Seneca, when he says, "we pay the physician

only for his labors; we still owe him the fee for his heart."

The state and the municipalities used to grant the free physicians various advantages, in order to retain them in the places of their useful activity. When Julius Cæsar, at the time of the great famine in Rome (46 B. C.), ordered the expulsion of all foreigners, he especially exempted the physicians and teachers, "in order that they would like all the better to remain in the city and draw others after them." Emperor Augustus, in the year 10, A. D., granted all physicians immunity, i. e. exemption from taxes and other burdens.

When the institution of municipal or communal physicians, which had existed in Greece as early as in the sixth century before Christ, was introduced in the Roman Empire, all the privileges previously accorded the profession were expressly reconfirmed. In Rome a physician was appointed for every city district; in larger localities the communal ("public") physicians formed corporations, vacancies in which were filled by co-optation, although such elections required the Imperial confirmation. The communal physicians were required to treat poor people gratis, were consulted in the case of epidemics, conducted the public "iatreïæ" (institutions corresponding with our ambulatory polyclinics), and gave instructions in the art of healing. The military physicians accompanied the troops into the field, to take care of the sick and wounded soldiers in their tents or in the lazareths. They bore arms, had the rank of subordinate officers, and enjoyed the immunity accorded all members of the profession.

These facts, taken from an extensive lecture by Dr. Th. Puschmann in Vienna, certainly tend to give the general public a more exalted and favorable opinion of the status of civilization among the "benighted heathen and barbarians" of antiquity. On some points our modern disciples of Galenus and Hippocrates can envy the contemporaries of these two great lights, whose effulgence has not been entirely dimmed through the distance of centuries.

*Leo Hæfeli.*

## PLAIN TALKS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

### MYSELF—MENTALLY.

CLOSELY related to, and associated with my physical self, is the mental phase of my being. So closely are the two connected, that anything affecting one for good or ill, has a relative effect upon the other. To comprehend the workings of the wonderful mechanism by which the mental or spiritual powers of our being so beautifully adapt themselves to our needs, it is necessary to make a study of the physical apparatus through whose medium this work is performed.

Starting with the brain as the great central point, we may roughly compare the nervous mechanism of the body to a great telegraphic system. Yet how perfect in arrangement; how harmonious and unerring its workings, compared with anything ever planned and carried out by the agency of man alone!

We will call the brain, encased in its bony box, the great central office; the spinal cord, in its bony canal, the grand trunk line, across the continent, as it were. From the central office, through the main line, and over some one or other of the numerous branch lines given off from these, are flashed messages of every conceivable shade of importance, on every conceivable subject, to the remotest corners and crannies of the body constituting its circuit. Reaching thus the untold millions of sentinals posted on the outskirts of its territory, return messages are flashed back, quicker than thought and more accurately than the most perfect of human devices. No organ so small as to be deemed too insignificant for the establishment of a branch line on this great system; no tendon or fibre or cell so minute but that it receives its full quota of this omnipresent principle, which is life, and light, and energy to every part and portion thereof.

In treating of Myself mentally, the same general classification can be observed as with my physical self. "What!" you exclaim, "are you going to offer us food and drink, air and exercise for this part of our natures? What a ridiculous idea!" But such is the case, and by the time the subject is treated as anticipated,

we trust the idea will not appear as absurd as at first thought.

First, as to foods. It is generally conceded that a healthy body is the natural accompaniment of a sound, healthy mind. Whether this be true or not, the converse is not always the case. Brute strength and robust health may be the colleagues of idiocy, as readily as of genius. We will however, assume that the one is more or less dependent upon the other.

Possessed physically of at least average health and strength how shall I provide Myself with the proper variety and amount of mental pabulum necessary for the full development and nourishment of my mental being? Happy for me, if in my youth, some kind, gentle, yet firm hand has been over me to guide in its selection. If not, I fear Myself has been mentally starved, or has suffered all the horrors of mental dyspepsia, superinduced by overdosing.

Ah! these thoughts have called up an image, I thought long since annihilated, that of the Myself of my early youth. In vindication of the foregoing statements, we will hear what she has to say for herself and her experience.

"I think I was born a book-worm. At any rate, my earliest and most pleasant recollections are of books, all my relatives having been great readers. From a very small child, when other children were engaged in playing with their dolls, or making mud pies, that dear delight of childhood, I sat apart, absorbed in interpreting some old picture-book, or deciphering words and ideas far beyond my years. As I grew older, the passion for books increased. Everything was "grist that came to my mill." I was equally interested in a medical work, a scientific treatise, a poem or a novel; so that I often surprised my relatives by my knowledge of certain subjects thought to be far beyond the ken of childhood.

"In the house, and around the garden were various corners where I hid myself for hours at a time, only issuing forth when threatened with dire punishment by some voice which I could hear enquiring "where that child had gone to!"

and answered by some other, "Oh, she is in some of her corners, reading, as usual."

"As time went on, and I approached the dangerous strait between girlhood and woman-hood, my tastes changed. I now only sought that kind of literature which stimulated the romantic side of my nature. I remember the New York Ledger played an important part, aided by magazines, and various ten cent novels, extremely doubtful in character, which I managed to borrow here and there, and smuggled surreptitiously into my hiding places.

"I also acquired about this time the pernicious habit of reading in bed. Midnight often found me poring over these mind and soul-destroyers, when all in the house were soundly sleeping, and I was supposed to be in the same blissful condition. This course I continued in for several years, not without its effect upon my mind and heart. My erst-while even and amiable temper became fevered and capricious; I was restless, dissatisfied with my life and surroundings, and longed for what were then impossibilities. I wove romances innumerable, always with Myself as the abused and self-sacrificing heroine. I began dozens of diaries, which, three months later I would burn in very disgust at my own vapidness, only to repeat the experiment. I even attempted the hard task of dramatizing my thoughts and feelings.

"At last I was providentially brought into contact with a talented, cultured man, who, though many years older than myself, readily conceived of and entered into the state of my mind, divined the danger I was in, and foresaw the possibilities of wisely directing my course. Of his own free will, he took this duty upon himself, and by his kind, wise, and fatherly teaching, I was gradually and unconsciously led away from the path I had been pursuing, and my energies directed into a more profitable as well as more pleasant channel. To this day I look upon that man as my benefactor; and should I ever attain to any literary prestige, shall, out of sheer gratitude, dedicate to him my first laudable effort, as the friend and director of youth and struggling effort.

"I look back upon the period of my life previous to this rescue, with a certain degree of horror. Not for worlds would I again endure the dissatisfaction, longings, heartburnings, and what not, that were then mine; not to mention a splendid memory damaged almost beyond repair, and a mind from which it took years to clear out the literary lumber and rubbish which had accumulated during those years of indiscriminate though ignorant stuffing."

This, dear reader, is the true tale of an enquiring mind, left to its own devices, without let or hindrance. From permitting such a course, I would warn parents, guardians, and last, not least, the subjects themselves, when old enough to take warning. Do not devour books; do not gormandize; it is as sure to lead to disaster as overloading of the stomach leads to pain and dyspepsia. He who reads most is seldom the best read; but he who selects as brain food such articles as tend to elevate the mind and morals, nourish nobility of soul, laudable ambition, manliness, self-respect and kindred qualities. Such regimen will keep in a state of semi-starvation the tendency of the mind toward idleness, frivolity, discontent, and various other disturbers of our peace and usefulness. Such food, masticated slowly and thoroughly, partaken of in temperance and with regularity, will digest easily and in a few years, produce wonderful results in mental development.

Next, as to air. "What! ventilate the brain?" Certainly, air is what I mean, fresh, pure, and wholesome. Open up the dusty corners, sweep down the mental cobwebs; let in the fresh breeze of new thoughts and ideas; put up the blinds, higher yet, and let in the sunlight of God-given reason. So will Myself not grow crabbed and rusty; wedded to old opinions and customs; grown old before her time, but will always wear the green garland of youth, being filled with the springtime of young thought and progression.

Judicious mental exercise must keep pace with that of the physical powers to make a perfect being. Cultivation of the

physical alone tends to animalize, of the mental only, to spiritualize the nature. Neither are good alone, but taken together, help to form the highest type of man or woman. People of mechanical vocations tend toward the former condition; students, teachers and professionals toward the latter. A system of compulsory, free education, in which the two factors are equally blended, will be the main thing to lead mankind to a plane of general equality.

Mental rest is as essential as physical sleep. The two can be most advantageously combined. No factors assist more in sustaining mental equilibrium. Conversely, nothing is more detrimental to health, reason, even life itself than mental over-work. Especially is this true, when the mental is not supplemented by physical exercise as a counterbalance. That wonderful mechanism, which admits of untold development under proper conditions, absolutely rebels against a system of "cramming." Once full, the receptacle will hold no more, without displacement of something already there, until time has been allowed for its proper assimilation.

Mental over-work, continued for a longer or shorter period, according to the strength of the individual, will inevitably lead to disaster. If there be a weak point in the physical being, it may be that which succumbs. The mental powers may fail utterly, and the brilliant genius sink into mental idiocy. Or the nervous apparatus governing the muscular system may become impaired, and paralysis, partial or total, ensue. At best there will be insomnia, restlessness, nervousness,

and other distressing symptoms, which should be viewed by the wise as the precursors of something more serious, warning him to desist from his suicidal course.

To summarize:—Be mentally temperate; do not gormandize. Select, or have selected for you, good, wholesome, nourishing, mental food. Aim to keep up with the mental progression of the times; do not become stereotyped; ventilate your mental self. Exercise your mental powers to their fullest physiological extent, but shun mental overwork as you would the hydra-headed monster of the ancients, were he here to exercise his pernicious influence over your lives. So will health, wisdom, knowledge, and long life be your heritage, and that of your posterity after you. *Cactus.*

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#### VILLANELLE.

Silver Cynthia breaks the gloom!  
 Bathing in her mystic light  
 Fragrant showers of roses bloom.

Come, our wanderings we'll resume,  
 For, upon this silent night,  
 Silver Cynthia breaks the gloom!

All the earth she doth illumine,  
 E'en those nooks, where, in delight,  
 Fragrant showers of roses bloom.

Shadows lurk like things of doom,  
 But in streams of dazzling white  
 Silver Cynthia breaks the gloom!

Come with me, where things assume  
 Trembling, shadowy forms of might—  
 Silver Cynthia breaks the gloom—  
 Scented showers of roses bloom.

*G. L. B.*

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#### DUTY OF MARRIAGE.

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 MARRIAGE as a divine institution in its origin, suggests the fact that laws regulating the same must be of like character, must be in view of celestial or eternal conditions. The adaptation of the institution to man in time, justly demands that the covenant by which it exists shall

be both for time and for all eternity; and shall be made in view of its eternal consequences.

It is not the purpose here to dwell upon the powers and possibilities of the spiritual laws which regulate and perpetuate the union under this everlasting covenant, but more directly to consider some

of the blessings attending it as adapted to the development of humanity; and its adaptation to the wants and necessities of humanity in its social relations. The fact that the violation of law under the marriage covenant entails the heaviest cursings of God's displeasure is evidence of securing His greatest favor and richest blessings when humanity is preserved in harmony with those laws.

It is the duty of humanity to seek after and avail itself of blessings and sacred opportunities placed within its reach.

It is within the domain of marriage we find the door of life; the gateway to all human existence; the path that leads to the development of all the virtues that promote the happiness of intelligent human beings. Here, in the union of two loving souls we find that one may love another more than self; that most difficult lesson of self denial is almost imperceptibly acquired, and the power to seek "not your own but another's good," almost unconsciously prevails. The union of two, each ever seeking the happiness of the other, is but symbolizing that blissful state where there is no sorrow or sighing for what cannot be realized. Such, indeed, may be the life of those who cherish the institutions of this holy order, which is after the order of celestial things, destined to bring the fulness of celestial glory.

In the creation every living thing, whether of the animal or vegetable kingdom that was placed upon the earth, was endowed with perpetual powers under the law of eternal increase that prevailed with those engaged in the work of creation. Man was no exception to the rule, and he must place himself in the condition necessary to fulfil the law, or the creator's design is frustrated by his sin of omission, or of wilful neglect.

The love which grows up between two individuals of different sexes, is not merely the result of the will; it grows as naturally as our bodies, or the plants; and it looks to a perpetuation of the race; it purifies and renders sacred what would otherwise have rendered humanity lower than the brutes.

This law in operation, these facts

demonstrated, the relation of husband and wife recognized as the condition under which God has placed humanity, makes the family a necessity. The fact that without this relation humanity must have been brutalized, is positive proof that it is ordained of God.

Whatever is necessary to the perfection of the human soul to its moral growth, must have been within the scope of the divine plan; and by these natural appetites and this love between the sexes, he has effectually provided for its security. It is a necessity in human development. Man is formed into the family just as naturally as the tree grows up, or the rain falls.

The entire history of family development shows the necessity of this marriage relation. Without it the mother might know and love her offspring, but the father could not. The child has to be nurtured and educated; this the mother could not do without the aid of the father. If the mother alone is left to impress herself upon the mind of the child, that child would be but half developed. To duly nurture and develop the mind, it needs the influence of both the parental minds: she to mould and develop the affections of the soul; he, all that is stern, rigid and inflexible in the character.

No man or woman has been duly educated, upon whose mind has not been brought to bear the intellects and influence of both parents: the one to instill into the mind great principles and truths, the other to habituate the spirit to mould its conduct by these principles and truths, and thus bring out all our emotional nature. The affections which grow out of this relation, are the ornament and solace of human life. All that man would have been as an individual he still retains, and in addition he now possesses all those joys that grow up in the family circle and the domestic fireside, and which could be developed in no other way. It is here that all our emotional nature is brought out; all our kindly feelings; all those dear charities which grow up around our homes. To love is our first necessity as well as duty. Love of mother grows up in the child with the nourishment from her breast; it is a ne-



cessity under these conditions. God clearly ordained it so that love, which is the highest perfection of humanity, the fulfilling of the law, might be the first emotion developed in a human soul, as it shall also constitute its final happiness. Love is, in fact, the affection or emotion which the discharge of all our duties must call up in the soul, and therefore its highest state of perfection. Only through love is life's trials, disappointments and duties made, not only tolerable, but even full of joy and happiness.

I would not here discuss the many and varied conditions of the family in its continued development, but would say that home and family are more to be desired than the riches a world can give.

Home is a word as dear as life; there is no place like home. Home here is to a great extent like our home that is beyond. We long for it; we hope to reach it in safety, and make it our eternal resting place, with family gathered there.

Home is the treasury of souls, the storehouse of the purest and deepest affections the soul of man is capable of developing.

Yes, we know the family brings with it duties, cares and toil for the parents, and that is what it should do. All our future happiness, as well as much of our present enjoyment, depends upon doing just such duties and the works necessary to secure the reward and blessing attached to them. There are legitimate duties in the performance of which our life should be spent and which should be our greatest delight. The nurture and training of our offspring should awaken the liveliest sense of obligation, not only to them, but to that Heavenly Father who gave them. The admonition to train up a child in the way he should go may well be heeded in view of the child being, by reason of that training, an honor to father and mother; another and sure test of the law of compensation, invariably applicable. This union of the sexes in their devotion to the duties of that relation is so nearly perfect in all its details and results, that it was chosen by the Savior from among all the conditions of human experience to represent the relation he sustained to

those who made covenant with Him by virtue of love for his character, that they might share with him the fulness of his Father's glory, and from whom, by reason of that love, no good thing should be withheld. They, the bride and He the bridegroom, to enjoy a marriage supper, such as humanity alone has never served; such as only love divine can claim to be a feast for loving souls redeemed.

Such is the power of love; such the condition of two loving souls blended in one, where every emotion of each is in harmony with the other, and finds a sympathetic response, answering every demand that respect and adoration can suggest. The individual, the family, society and humanity are both developed and protected in every respect by the relation of husband and wife.

The strength and virtue of these family ties were, perhaps, never more truly expressed than to the writer of this once, when in conversation with "Mother Smith,"—the mother of the Prophet Joseph and Patriarch Hyrum Smith. After congratulating her upon the great honor conferred upon her to be the mother of such worthy men, reference was made to the course of another son which had not been so much in harmony with her wishes, but had caused her much anxiety and sorrow, because of his waywardness; calling him by name, she said: "He has endeared himself to me by the trouble he has made me." Being a stranger at the time, for want of experience, to all parental solicitude, this sentiment, coming as it did from an aged, care-worn mother of more than ordinary sagacity and feeling, I marveled at the seemingly unreasonable statement, that it was possible to love one who could persist in defying acts of kindness; such constant solitude for one's own good as only a mother could exhibit in her prayerful entreaties in his behalf. A moment's reflection in her presence brought the inspiration that solved all mystery; it was the exhibition of a mother's love; the love of God. That love had found one dwelling place on earth, it was in her sanctified bosom for her child. As the love of God is extended over his rebellious, wayward

children, so her love would not permit her to cast him off, but like the one lost sheep that strayed from the fold, would leave all the faithful, if necessary, to bring it to the fold again. Such a mother, I thought then, might well be chosen to be the mother of prophets, patriarchs and seers, and would that the world was

full of them! That holy, God-like sentiment made an impression never to be obliterated. Such mothers, with holy sires, would soon transform this world into a paradise, make heaven on earth, and the children of men to become sons of God. Let there be more of them.

*S. W. Richards.*

### A SONG OF WINTER.

Ho, ho! for the strong white king that reigns  
 Lord of the earth!  
 Hear the musical tinkle of crisp, white rains  
 And the bells and mirth.

In the blue mist blown from an autumn sigh  
 His form drew near;  
 But the dazzling gleam of the turquoise sky  
 Made his face show clear.

From his slim white fingers flashed the blaze  
 Of the jeweled frost—  
 White ermine—shotted with ice-blue rays—  
 On his breast was crossed.

And the mist-sigh drew to a fitful gasp  
 At his tingling breath,  
 And the autumn reeled from his rough chill clasp  
 In a trance of death.

Then his laugh rang out—and the stinging hail,  
 And the tempest's roar,  
 Caroused in the glee of a mad wassail  
 With the snowflake's hoar.

He thrilled earth's ear with his bold love lays  
 Till a spell was done;  
 And she thought and dreamed on his wild, blithe ways  
 Till her soul was won.

She gave her life to her wooer gay,  
 But its tale was told  
 In her hollowed cheeks, and the lines of gray,  
 In her hair's spun gold.

But the cold king laughs and his days are set  
 To a merry tale;  
 And the mailed snows and the winds still fret  
 In a wild wassail.

But a time draws near when his form shall reel,  
 For the spring's white hand  
 Shall trace a word on his walls of steel  
 Like a flaming brand.

In the maddest hour of some wild storm feast  
 He shall see the sign,  
 And the tyrant might of his life be ceased  
 At the word divine.

*Josephine Spencer.*

## ALMINA.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON.

### VI.

#### DAINGEROUS STEPS.

SISTER BLAKE gave an exclamation of surprise, in a feigned tone though, as she looked into the sick room and discovered no light. "Now, that's what I call suspicious," she declared. "I am sorry to interrupt your talk, but a gentleman wishes to see Will; and you had better make a light, Almina."

It was done in a moment. Sister Blake's pleasantry did not affect Almina nearly so much as did the sight of Mr. Victor Garnett in the doorway. He stepped into the room and shook hands with Almina. Will was surprised to see that he was acquainted with her.

"I could not resist the inclination to call and see you," the visitor said to Will. "I see you are improving." Will thanked him for his kindness, and said that he was improving fast.

"I am pleased to see it," said the visitor to Almina. "You see Mr. Edwards and I became acquainted the day of the accident. Your father introduced us." There was a pause in the conversation, during which Will's supper was brought by Susie. Will pleaded that he was not hungry; but his friends insisted that he should try to eat a little, which he did very quietly. Mr. Garnett and Almina talked; and Will becoming silent, they decided that the sick boy was tired, and needed rest. So they soon bade him good-night, and left the house together.

Will was indeed weary, and needed rest; but Almina had not discovered that Mr. Garnett's presence added to the restlessness. But it was so. Will had a fixed opinion of Mr. Garnett, an opinion that had been formed, it is true, in a day, but nevertheless, as decided as if it had taken a year to form. On that eventful day in the mine Will had been surprised to hear a burst of profanity from the stranger's lips, on such a slight provocation, too, that he had been shocked at it. Will had been impressed by the incident, and he often thought of it. It was perhaps a small item on which to base an opinion of a person, but Will held that "straws

show which way the wind blows," and it pained him to learn that Almina had been thrown into his company. Perhaps she was ignorant as yet in regard to the man. Well, it would be his duty to tell her what he thought about him, anyhow. He would do it at the next opportunity.

The bright spring days lengthened, and the warm sun brought out the fields and woods to perfection of beauty. Will Edwards improved rapidly. He seemed to hear the call of the busy waking earth inviting him to revel in her delights. He was so uneasy, too. No wonder, his friends thought, to be compelled to stay indoors when everybody was without. But the whole cause for his disquiet was not understood. It was not discerned that much of the cause came from within and not altogether from without. The truth was that images of Almina and Victor Garnett's companionship were a continual source of anxiety to him. An incident that occurred toward the latter part of May did not help to allay these unpleasant reflections. Will was sitting on the porch, enjoying the waning sunlight, one afternoon. Almina had not made her usual visit for a number of days, and when Will saw her coming across the fields with a bunch of green and early blossoms in her hand, his face lighted up with pleasure. She had cut "cross lots," so she came up to the house through the yard at the side. As she leaned on the railing of the porch she poked her bouquet under Will's nose, and then laughed at the face he made, and the way he rubbed the irritated "smeller."

"How are you to-day? You're getting quite strong I see, I dare say you have made a trip or two down the street, hav'nt you? Well, did you think I had forgotten you? Well, I hav'nt but you see"—changing to a more serious tone—"we have been so busy."

A flush was on each cheek. Her eyes sparkled. Her lips, slightly open, tried to appear grave and greatly concerned. There was an air of woodland beauty

about her which she might have gathered from the fields; and Will noted it all.

"I am getting well fast," Will said. "I think I'll soon be able to be around as usual." He offered her his chair. But she declined it and said she could not stay long as Mr. Garnett was coming to supper, and her mother had told her to be home early.

"Who is this Mr. Garnett?" asked Will.

"Oh, he's a gentleman who is looking after some mining prospects up Willow Creek. It seemed that father had formed his acquaintance—but I thought you knew him?"

"No; I simply saw him once or twice at the mine, and"—now was as good a time as any—"and then I did not form a very high opinion of him."

"Is that so!" Almina was really startled by his words. "Why, what is the matter with him? I think he is a real gentleman."

"He may be all you think of him, as I said, I know very little about him, but that little is *very* bad."

"Gracious! Why, Will, what do you mean? He has been so kind to us. I mean to mother. I know he is not in the Church, but then, that can be remedied. I have had some talk with him already on the subject and he seems quite favorable to the truth. You see, he's only been here about six weeks. Now would'nt it be fine if I could make a convert without going on a mission!"

She became quite enthusiastic. Will partook of none of it, however, but calmly rejoined:

"Almina, I would advise you to be careful. You know nothing about the man, and if you undertake to enter the field of discussion with him, the wrong person might be converted."

"I don't understand you."

"I mean that Victor Garnett is not fit company for you."

"Now, Will,"—and there was a little anger in her tone—"I don't think you can impartially decide that matter, as you would be a biased judge, you know."

That Will felt the rebuke could be seen in the deepened pallor of his already pale

face, and the quiver of his lips as he said: "Very well, do as you please. I only meant it for your good; I know what I am talking—"

"There, say no more about it. We won't quarrel over it at any rate. I must be going; good night." She tossed him her bouquet and left him picking the leaves from the green twigs and scattering them on the porch floor. The sun went down in a blaze of red, and the cool night air came sweeping down from the hills ere Will Edwards awoke from his reverie and went hurriedly into the house. And what had he been thinking about? Let us see. Way back through the twenty one years of Will's life, nearly as far as he could remember, Almina Brown had been connected with it. Of all figures stamped upon his memory, woven into his very life fabric, that of Almina's form played the most prominent part. In childhood they had played together. In youth together they had explored the hills and fields. All things had been held in common between them. And now when they were emerging from that golden period of their existence into the age of experience and trial that was to teach the great lesson of life, how eminently fit that a closer binding of hearts should be consummated. Lately, Will had felt that something of a stronger nature was gaining possession of him in regard to Almina Brown. During his sickness, he had delighted in creating bright pictures of the imagination, in which Almina was the central figure. It was planned over and over. The mighty castles reared their stately walls high in air. *She* should be his wife some day, and then, being surrounded by her love, being strengthened by her presence, he would bid defiance to the world and its cares. So thus was the tenor of Will Edwards' thoughts. As for Almina, she would tell Will to his face that she liked him "better than any boy in the country," without the least embarrassment. Had she not always thought so? She had no reasons for changing her opinion now. You see, Almina was not wise in the wisdom of society and society manners, which teach that speech must not be too

open and free, but must be enigmatical and confusing. She liked Will Edwards and she told him so. There was not a particle of sentiment about it, but simply a matter-of-fact statement.

As yet, Almina did not share with Will that emotional feeling of more than friendship and regard. She was young yet. The flower was but expanding. With a steady growth it would, no doubt, attain to more perfection, if no destroying worm or blasting frost came to check the promising development. But what about Mr. Garnett? It can be truthfully said that at this time Almina had no motives regarding Mr. Garnett, of which Will Edwards needed to be jealous. Almina looked upon Mr. Garnett simply as a friend gained in their late bereavement: "a very nice gentlemen." An outsider, it is true, still an interesting, cultivated man, who could be easily made to see the truth in due time. This did not hinder her from still looking to Will as the best fellow in the world. Will and Mr. Garnett could not be classed together. There was something different about the latter from the usual class of common folks; a little above; a little more remote; perhaps a tinge more of romance about him. She did not think of him as one of the every-day flesh-and-blood beings, who worked with their hands for a living.

To Almina, Mr. Garnett moved in another sphere. So then, as regards to motives, Will had no cause to censure her. Her heart was all right. Yes, but—but motives are based on the promptings of the conscience; and there is no greater direction of that sense than companionship. Every little act, every trival word, the manner, the look, the tone are but the factors that make up that great educator, sometimes called silent influence. We cannot excuse Almina because of her ignorance on this point. A broken law calls for a punishment, and does not take into consideration the wisdom or ignorance of the breaker. And then again, Almina, were you totally unacquainted with the results that would follow your relationship with Mr. Victor Garnett? Were you not

forwarned? Did not a still small voice say unto you: "This is the way, walk thou in it," and did you not answer it, "I am all right. No harm can come of my actions. I must treat him as a gentleman." Oh, my dear girl, sins of omission will eventually lead to sins of commission. Why did you not follow the dictates of that still small voice? And Sister Brown, why did you nourish in your bosom a viper that would soon turn and drive his poisonous fangs into the tenderest element of your heart?

(To be continued.)

#### POETS AND DOGS.

POETS have always loved dogs. In this poets and boys resemble each other. Walter Savage Landor was devoted to his dog Giallo, and Byron's epitaph upon his dog Bootswain we all remember.

Cowper was very fond of his dog, and we know how Charles Lamb, who was a prose poet, loved his Dash, and how Mrs. Browning appreciated the little Flush to whom she indited a poem. The Earl of Shaftesbury kept his noble collie in his library with him at all times, and Samuel Rogers always walked out with his dog. Scott declined an invitation to dinner when his dog died, saying that he could not accept on account of the "loss of an old friend."

Wordsworth and Scott both celebrated in their poems the famous old Gelert. This dog, a deer-hound, was given by John King to his son-in-law Llewellyn, who kept him at his hunting-lodge, in the neighborhood of the Welsh mountain Snowdon. Gelert was missed one morning from the hunt by his master. Llewellyn, upon his return to the lodge, saw the dog, and discovered that its mouth was besmeared with blood. Concluding that the dog had devoured his child, the infuriated master slew the poor animal. Upon investigation, he discovered a dead wolf by the child's cradle, while the child was safely and soundly sleeping. The brave dog had saved Llewellyn's heir from the wolf. A monument was created to the faithful creature, which bears the name of Beth-Gelert.

*Harpers.*



PILLARS OF THE WASATCH.

## MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF UTAH.

### I.

THE mountains of Utah have been pronounced by travelers, as well as by artists, to possess attributes of beauty that are not surpassed by those of any other portion of the world. In many particulars they are unique, their lines not resembling those of other mountain regions. This is partially accounted for by climatic causes inasmuch as the arid climate does not produce the sort of vegetation that is usually found among other ranges. There is an absence of deciduous foliage at certain points where mountains are usually well clothed, and the difference between the Wasatch and the Sierra Nevadas, for instance, is strongly marked in this respect alone. The Rocky Mountains, also, to the north or to the south of this latitude are wooded at their bases and far up their sides, while the Wasatch throughout nearly its entire length, and the Uintahs, particularly on their southern slopes, present the appearance of grassy plains sweeping with gentle slope to the base of the mountains. This characteristic is particularly marked in Salt Lake Valley, where the western front of the Wasatch presents its massive wall, sheer and precipitous above the level vale, without foot-hills, and absolutely without the lateral ranges which are rarely absent from the neighborhood of high peaks in other countries. It is this feature which makes the Wasatch mountains so magnificently beautiful, challenging the admiration of artists particularly, who rejoice in the splendid lines carved in the mountain side, and sometimes sweeping from the highest peak to mountain foot. These lines are curved and graceful, most of them taking the ideal line of beauty. They are caused by the action of the elements on the mountain mass, whose erosion cuts through the breast of the range regardless of the kind or hardness of the rocks of which it is formed. Sometimes these cañons thus reveal upon their sides a geological chart as clear and readable as if it had been prepared for the school-room. One of this sort is the north side of Little Cottonwood Cañon,

which may be scanned from some commanding point opposite, and the contact of various geological strata be seen as clearly as print in the very order in which they were created. The limestone is at the upper end of the cañon, only reached after much climbing, and the quartzite, which is really lower in its geological range seems to rest above it while traveling the cañon road, but the transposition is accounted for when one thus views the whole mountain side from the proper point of observation. And rising still higher, yet geologically beneath it all, is the great granite mass near the mouth of the cañon, from which the temple has been built.

It seems the nature of the cañons of these mountains to radiate from certain centers, an instance of which is seen where Big and Little Cottonwood, Mill Creek, Snake Creek and American Fork all spring from a point whose radius would not be over three or four miles. Another notable instance is in the Uintah mountains, where the Weber, the Bear, the Provo and the Duchesne rivers, and a number of smaller streams, have their rise within a mile or two of each other. The cañons also seem to have these characteristics in common, that their uppermost parts are wild, that below their immediate origin there is usually a stretch of tame scenery, and that a few miles above the point where they emerge into the valley there is a climax in grandeur in the towering cliffs and rushing streams, while near the mouth of the cañon there is almost invariably a gateway of some sort formed by the rocks that have come together on both sides. It is generally the case, also, that the extreme head of the cañon consists of an amphitheatre in which reposes an alpine lake, or gives evidence that one did formerly rest in the basin. These lakes are not large, being scarcely more than a mile or two in circumference but they are nearly always of surpassing beauty, rewarding the toiler for the arduous climbing which is required to reach them and affording the sweetest air and most charming scenery that the mountains



YOUNG'S PEAK.

offer during the brief season in which they are accessible. A further common feature of these cañon heads is that the lakes have almost invariably a similar origin, their basins having been gouged out by the glaciers of ancient times whose force was derived from the avalanches which swept down from the peaks above and piled the snow, heaven only

knows how deep, at the base of the mountain. Here the glacier began its course, first as a stream of ice, slowly, a few feet in a year, but with irresistible power, carrying in its current vessels of flinty stone, which scored the sides of the mountains in lines that are plainly to be seen to this day, and carved out the bottom of the stream into a concave basin.



from which the snow now melts every summer and leaves a pool of pellucid water. This river of ice ran to the main cañon, there joining the great glacier that dropped its icebergs in the lake, but towards the last of this period the length of the glacial stream was cut short, and the masses of stone which it carried were deposited not far from the point where they were taken up, where they may be seen to-day forming a bridge or dam across the mouth of the amphitheatre and holding back the waters of the alpine lake. Hundreds of these beautiful bodies of water are to be found among the highest peaks in the Wasatch and Uintah mountains, resembling each other in many respects, yet no two of them alike, and affording a variety of pictorial effects which do much to make the Wasatch mountains so dear to the artists at home, and so full of surprise to those who come from abroad; and their beauty has struck the fancy and brought forth the praise of many of the greatest landscape painters of America, among them being Albert Bierstadt, who has sketched nearly all of the Cottonwood lakes, and Thomas Moran, who painted the high lakes in the Uintah mountains many years ago, having thus attracted much attention to the scenery of Utah. They are the beloved haunts of our home artists as well, and have furnished the themes for their best works, scores of such subjects having occupied the talents of Ottinger, Lambourne, Hafen, Harwood and others, and in the neighborhood of these mountains, where evaporation is less than in the valley, the vegetation is strong and lush, and some of the side cañons and approaches, with their tiny waterfalls and wooded glades, furnish matter which never fails to arouse the enthusiasm of both artist and poet. But the pleasurable emotions which they inspire are not confined to those who listen to the muses. Many such scenes are within a few hours travel of the larger cities of the Territory, and it is the delight of the over-worked business man to break away from his cares and wander among the pine woods and the mountain ridges seeking out these places and shar-

ing in the exhilaration which they inspire. Indeed, like other beautiful scenery elsewhere, these spots have become the field of romance and afford tender recollections to many a man and woman amidst whose golden locks the silver threads are now beginning to steal, and there is no question that, when this country has grown old in civilization, there will be weaved around the dear old Wasatch mountains a wealth of story, a part of whose romantic interest has already been created. Of all the Wasatch cañons, Big Cottonwood has been the one to attract those who wish to escape from the city's cares to make a visit to the mountains, and this preference has been given ever since it was first penetrated, thirty-eight years ago, by Daniel H. Wells, Feramor Little, Bishop Kessler and John Sharp, who had found it impossible to ascend the cañon from the foot of the "stairs" after repeated effort. The party came back to the valley and went up Mill Creek Cañon instead, then, by crossing the ridge, they came down into Big Cottonwood at a point near where mill "E." was afterwards established, thence down the cañon to the head of the "stairs," and found the way so rough and dangerous, that although the distance to the foot was scarcely a mile, it took them all day to make the descent. On this trip, however, a wagon road was planned, which was afterwards built, and the cañon has ever since been open for travel in the summer time.

Pioneer Day, 1857, was spent at Silver Lake by the citizens at large, nearly three thousand of whom went there for a picnic which lasted several days. Eight or ten saw-mills have been erected in the cañon since that time, although but one or two remain in operation to-day. They were named from the letters of the alphabet, not in the order of their location in the cañon, but in the order of the date of their being put in operation. These old mill-sites are the familiar land marks in the cañon to-day, and to designate a given point one simply says, "It is so many miles above or below mill 'A', or 'C', or 'F'," as the case may be.

One of our illustrations is of the Narrows, where the finest scenery begins as you ascend the cañon. Here the dark and massive rocks almost overhang the road, and the beautiful turbulent stream, well stocked with trout, bounds madly

upon all the country around. But these Wasatch mountains are framed on such ample proportions that he would find he had simply surmounted the foundations of the enormous mass. Nevertheless, Young's Peak in color, form and struc-

ture, as it presents itself from this point of view, is one of the most splendid mountain masses to be seen in the Territory, and when, a little farther on, one can get a view of its northern face and sees above and beyond its dark mass the piled up ridges and fields of snow, which seem to stretch backward behind each other for miles and miles, with sweeping lines and vast precipices slashed by great chasms, and the peaks soaring far above timber-line, while at its base stretches a grassy mead of many acres, across whose fertile sward the cañon stream gently ripples during its brief rest from the torrents above before it takes to the torrents below, there is arrayed one of the grandest scenes that can be enjoyed in this or any other country. This is not the lake region, but it is the place for cascades and waterfalls, for fields of snow



LAKE BLANCHE.

between the walls, while the mountains uplift their heads to dizzy heights, their chasms filled with never-melting snow, with the pines stealing upward along their slopes. The scene bursts upon the traveler all at once as he makes a turn in the road, and square in his front is reared before him the magnificent mass that from earliest times has been called Young's Peak. From this point of view at the bottom of the cañon, Young's Peak seems to soar head and shoulders above the surrounding country, and one might imagine that he has only to scale its rifted sides and on reaching the top-most crag he would be able to look down

and ice, for wild and bewildering crags, for dizzy heights, whose snows glitter in the sun, and gloomy depths of purple shadow through which the waters roar in their mad plunge to the valley below.

It is only three miles above this point where you leave the main cañon to ascend the south fork at Mill "B," and after climbing a cañon rather too steep for vehicles, but easy for horse-back riding, you are in the neighborhood of scenery as noble as that which we have been describing, but of a vastly different character. Here, in a succession of the amphitheatres we previously described, rest a series of exceedingly beautiful

lakes. Three of them are large and closely linked together, so that some one unknown to history named them the "Three Sisters." But wandering artists who afterwards came that way thought that each sister deserved a name, so Lambourne called the middle one "Lillian" after his baby, Squires named the

to name a place, because, in cleaning his palette, he paints in large and enduring letters upon a rock the name with which he has christened the spot. Looming up as a back-ground to all three of these lakes, but dominating especially the upper one, is the most terrific rocky pile that it would be possible for the imagina-



LAKE FLORENCE.

upper one "Blanche," after some unknown fair, and Culmer thought the lower one beautiful enough to be named after his black-eyed daughter, Florence. This was done years ago, and perhaps they had been named before, but a sketching artist has a great advantage over any other mountain climber who undertakes

tion to conceive, and in the nobleness of its mass, in the splendor of its cleavages and in the beauty of its color, the artists who have seen it, agree that, it is without its peer in the mountains. It has been named the "The Pillars of the Wasatch." The lakes themselves are on rocky ledges and this cliff almost seems to overhang

them, so much so, that I have seen an eagle literally drop itself from the top of this great peak and come whizzing across the lip of the basin and keep its course down the cañon below. Besides the splendid accompaniments of mountain peak and precipice and cliff, these lakes are surrounded by all the elements of beauty which contribute charms to any of the others. Rich meadows begirt Lake Blanche on the southern side,—woods of quaking-asp and pine sweep down to the water's edge, and glacier-scored boulders of a rosy gray lie at intervals along the banks, their reflections contrasting in deep rich tones with the dark green color of the water. In sunny spots among the rocks, the rolling ridges are beautified with beds of flowers of rich and varied hue, and the underbrush is tangled over with leafy bowers of vinery so dense as to afford a complete shelter from the mid-day sun. Not far distant, down the gorges that feed the lake or over the walls which surround it, their leap cascades whose soft murmurings

may be heard while standing along the silent shore. To approach one of these gorges is to scramble under the pines, over moss-grown rocks and through flowery dells where the sun glints through the pine branches, gilding the edge of the lichened rocks, or making a bed of flowers to burn in the midst of surrounding shadow, or setting a phosphorescent gleam upon the spray that rises from the dashing waters. The sheltered banks are all aglow with buttercups and purple asters, and at the feet of the pines are masses of the glorious white columbine, the most beautiful flower in the mountains, and which grows wild in no other country under the sun. The path grows steeper, the oak and the maple and the sumac become more tangled and difficult to penetrate, the rocks draw nearer together, and, finally, further progress is barred by the rocky wall down which the waters rush in a filmy lace work, or leap clear of the cliff in a misty mass.

*H. L. A. Culmer.*

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## TWO GRAVES.

### CHAPTER IV.

On the day following Wallace's departure, a heavy snow fell. That night a south wind sprang up, and the snow rapidly melted, becoming compacted and yet softened on the mountain side. The old year went out, with the thaw still in progress, and yet Wallace had not returned. When New Year's morning came, the snow was falling heavily, but there was a warmth in the air which still continued the work of melting, and the eaves of the houses were dripping with moisture.

The day wore on until 10 a. m., the hour fixed for the wedding. All who intended witnessing the ceremony had assembled, and were awaiting the arrival of Wallace. Suddenly we were startled by the sound of horses' feet, galloping toward us from the direction of the cañon, mingled with shouts from a number of excited men. "A snowslide! a snowslide!"

they cried; "Wallace Prescott has been buried in a snowslide!"

With a despairing moan, Irene fell to the ground in a swoon, while we all crowded around John Rowley, to hear the particulars of the occurrence. His story was as follows:—"As I was coming down the cañon, I noticed that the snow had been loosened by the thaw, and I called Wallace's attention to it, as he was following me. He had made light of the subject of a snowslide, and had said that nothing of that kind could possibly happen on this day, which was to be the happiest of his life. We drove along until we came to a steep cliff overhanging the road, when the sudden jar of my wagon wheels seemed to loosen the whole mass of snow upon the cliff, and it came tumbling down. So sudden was its rush that I had barely time to escape its main fury, and in spite of my efforts I was caught in the slide near its

edge, having some difficulty in extricating myself. Having succeeded in doing so, I walked up and down upon the slide, calling and looking for Wallace, but could find no trace of him. It is impossible that he escaped, for he was in just such a position as to catch the heaviest weight of the snow. Where he is buried the snow must be fully sixty feet in depth, and I know that poor Wallace is at the bottom of the gorge."

With a groan I turned toward Irene. She had just been resuscitated through the efforts of her companions, and in a dazed way was looking around her. Suddenly she broke forth into hysterical laughter.

"I know he will come,

I know my lover will come,"

she sang, her voice dying away on the last word like that of a child hushed to sleep. "Yes, he will come," she exclaimed, "he said he would come, even though the snow should be as deep as the cañon, for his love for me would melt it, would melt it, would melt it." The last few words were sung in a mournful tune which I remembered to have taught her in her childhood.

"Oh, how can I endure this?" I cried, throwing my hands toward heaven, and raising my voice in silent prayer. Strength came to me, and I was soon able to comfort others who were more in need of consolation than I. But poor Irene! She wandered around, her head bowed listlessly, her hands folded on her breast.

Leaving her in charge of her girl companions, I hastened with a party of men to the scene of the disaster. We worked faithfully during that day, but the snow fell furiously, drifting into the excavations as fast as they were formed; we were forced to give up the idea of recovering the body, and we returned to the village.

The shattered state of mind into which Irene had been thrown by the dreadful intelligence continued. Search parties were sent to the scene of the snowslide during the winter, but none could find a trace of poor Wallace's body. We therefore concluded to wait until the snow had melted in the summer before taking further steps in the direction of searching.

Months rolled away, and still the snow lay deep and impenetrable on the breast of Wallace Prescott. During all that time nothing could induce Irene to visit the spot where he was buried, but she wandered around the village, alternately weeping, singing and calling for her lover. When June came we went into the cañon, thinking that by this time the snow would be so nearly gone as to permit us to recover the remains, but alternate freezing and melting in the early spring had changed the remaining snow into dense ice, which resisted every effort.

In the meantime poor Irene had been gradually sinking into a state of lethargy and weakness, and we could see that her spirit would soon be where her heart was, with her loved one in the world beyond. Let none but those who have seen dear ones gradually sink into the grave, judge of my feelings and those of my wife during that sad time. The instantaneous death of Wallace was a severe blow, but it could be met after its first force had subsided, and bravely withstood. But to see our dear one sinking away so gradually and so helplessly, and we powerless to stay the progress of her mental and bodily disease—this was the hardest trial of all to endure.

One day in the latter part of July, after a long and copious rain, we missed her. Search was made in all places where there was a hope of her being found, but no idea occurred to us that we should search at the burial place of her lover. That day passed and the night wore away, but still no tidings of Irene. Many theories were originated to account for her mysterious disappearance, chief among which was that of suicide. But I knew that God would not permit her thoughts to take this direction.

On the following day, at about 10 a. m., we were startled to see our darling, her hair dishevelled, her face haggard, and her clothing bedraggled, led into the village by a party of Indians. I rushed to her and asked where she had been, but her only answer was to burst into tears, and point toward the cañon. One of the Indians was somewhat familiar with the

English language, and was therefore able to explain the strange circumstance. He and his companions had been walking down the cañon, when they were startled at seeing in the lowest depths of the defile, a woman kneeling upon the ground and holding a corpse in her arms. Hastening in that direction, they saw our Irene, drenched and haggard, as if she had been there many hours, and in her arms was the body of her lover. She was embracing it, and covering the well preserved lips with kisses, while in the most endearing terms she called upon her Wallace to speak to her and assure her of his love.

The body had been kept in perfect preservation while in the slide, and at the time of her visit there the ice had melted away sufficiently for a little digging with her fingers to release the body from its imprisonment. In contact with the warm air it had begun a rapid process of decomposition, and by the time the Indians could tear her away from the corpse, it was necessary that it should be immediately buried. They had accordingly dug a grave, and with their simple burial service had laid the body in the earth. They had then torn her away from the spot, and induced her to return home.

From that time forth her time was spent in wandering to and from the grave, planting flowers and shrubs upon it. We made several efforts to exhume the remains and bring them down to a consecrated burial spot, but every effort was resisted by her so strongly and with such piteous pleadings, that we desisted from the attempt and determined to leave the remains in this wild but beautiful place.

But the decline in our girl's health continued with the decay of her mental powers. After a time a sort of espionage had to be exercised over her, to keep her from visiting her lover's grave when the snows had begun to fall. So it continued until Christmas. In the festivities of that blessed season we took no interest. On the day following Christmas, my wife, who had gradually failed since the death of Wallace, sank to rest, and was buried in the village cemetery.

The gloom of that time is beyond my power to describe to you. My sadness and grief at the death of my wife was not mitigated by any element of gladness. She had left me no children, and my adopted child was gradually sinking into a decline. God knows I cared not how short my time on earth should be, for my trouble seemed greater than I could bear. I felt, too, that Irene could not last longer than the year, and even in her crazed condition there was some comfort in having her with me, for there were occasional intervals when she seemed half-conscious of her surroundings.

New Year's Eve, which I had come to look upon as an eventful date in my history, came; and Irene was sitting by my side, holding my hand and talking in her half-lucid way of the great beyond and her dead lover. She was yet strong enough to walk around, but her steps were slow and uncertain. I was worn out with the cares and sorrows of the days just past, and fell into a deep sleep, still holding her hand in mine.

The night was extremely cold, and a searching wind drove the light, fleecy clouds swiftly across the face of the moon. I was awakened by the clock striking five, and then was conscious of the fact that I had slept through the night. I sprang hastily to my feet, and looked around for Irene. She was gone! Speedily donning my overcoat, I rushed into the street. The moon was still shining from the western horizon, and in the snow that had fallen in the early evening I could trace her footsteps. They led in the direction of the cañon. At once the horrible possibility flashed upon me, that she had gone to her Wallace's grave!

I sprang on a horse, and urged it with all possible speed in that direction. As I approached the grave I could distinctly see something dark and motionless lying upon it. Summoning all my energy and courage, of which I had been almost deprived by this sight, I rushed to the grave and lifted Irene up. She was dead! Lying upon her lover's tomb, her delicate frame had succumbed to the cold, and she had died a painless and dreamful death.

But what were the marks in the snow by the side of the grave? Hastily examining them, I found, traced in the snow by the finger of my darling, the simple words, "Bury me here." I carried her tenderly home, where she was robed in her wedding dress, and in sad and

mournful procession we followed her to her grave. Her last request was complied with, and she now lies beside her lover, in ground specially sanctified as their resting place. Such is the story of the TWO GRAVES.

*Laertes.*

## CHURCH EMIGRATION.

### MODE OF CONDUCTING THE EMIGRATION.

THE object of the Latter day Saints' emigration being the fulfillment of a divine command and not a pecuniary speculation, the spiritual and temporal comfort and happiness of the emigrants have ever been the principal aim on the part of those charged from time to time with the superintendence of the business. Consequently, from the first we find that arrangements were made to assist the emigrants from the time they left their native homes and until they arrived at the places of their destination. Experienced elders were sent with the vessels, to superintend the voyage, in connection with the masters, and again in making the long and tedious journey over the plains and mountains. The time selected for embarkation in the beginning was from September until March or April, and later, when emigration to the Valley was commenced, from January to April which enabled the emigrants to arrive upon the frontiers between April and June, early enough to cross the plains and the mountains before winter set in, and the mountain passes filled with snow. While the emigration was only as far as Nauvoo or Council Bluffs, these circumstances did not of course interfere, the only object then being to pass New Orleans before the summer and sickly season commenced. The duties and responsibilities of all charged with the oversight of any of the business were proportionately less than they were afterwards when the entire journey to the Valley had to be arranged for at once; yet they have always been sufficiently onerous, and have required the best faculties and judgment of the Elders and others engaged. The

following will explain the *modus operandi* of conducting the emigration in the early fifties, when most of the Saints landed in New Orleans:

Applications for passage were received by the agent in Liverpool, and when sufficient were on hand a vessel was chartered by him, and the intended passengers were notified by circulars, generally printed, containing instructions to them how to proceed, when to be in Liverpool to embark, also stating the price of passage, the amount of provisions allowed, etc. In some instances one conference or district would furnish a ship load, or the greatest part of it; in such cases arrangements were made for them to embark together, and the president of the conference or some other suitable elder would contract with the railway companies for their conveyance to Liverpool in a body, which generally saved much expense. The emigration from Scandinavia generally gathered at Copenhagen, and from thence proceeded in organized companies by rail and steamships to Liverpool, where the emigrants would be reshipped, sometimes in vessels chartered specially for them, and sometimes they would be joined with companies emigrating from the British Isles, or other parts of Europe.

In contracting for the vessel it was generally agreed that the passengers should go on board either on the day of their arrival in Liverpool, or the day following, which arrangement, although sometimes considered inconvenient to them, saved the expense of lodging ashore and preserved many inexperienced person from being robbed by sharpers, for whom Liverpool has always been a profitable field. When the passengers were on board, the

agent, who was generally the president of the Church in the British Isles, would visit them and proceed to appoint a committee, consisting of a president and two counselors. As a rule they were Elders who had traveled the route before, or, at least had been to sea. They were received by the emigrants by vote, and implicit confidence was reposed in them. This presidency would then proceed to divide the ship into wards or branches, over each of which an Elder or Priest would be placed, with his assistants to preside. Watchmen were then selected from among the adult passengers, who, in rotation, stood guard day and night over the ship until her departure, and after nightfall prevented any unauthorized person from descending the hatchways. When at sea, the presidents of the various wards saw that the passengers arose about five or six o'clock in the morning, that they cleaned their respective portions of the ship, and threw the rubbish overboard. This attended to, prayers were offered in every ward, after which the passengers prepared their breakfasts, and during the remainder of the day they could occupy themselves with various duties and amusements. At eight or nine o'clock at night prayers were again offered, and all retired to their berths. Such regularity and cleanliness, with constant exercise on deck, were an excellent conservative of the general health of the passengers, a thing which has always been proverbial of the Latter-day Saints' emigration. In addition to this daily routine, when the weather permitted, meetings were held on Sundays, and twice or thrice in the week, at which the usual Church services were observed. Schools for both children and adults were also frequently conducted. When Elders were on board who were either going or returning to the Valley, and had traveled in foreign countries they would often interest the passengers by relating incidents of their travels, and describing the scenes they had witnessed, and the vicissitudes through which they had passed. Lectures on various subjects were also delivered. These agreeable exercises helped a great deal to break the mono-

tony of a long voyage, and tended to improve the mental capacities of the passengers. The good order, cleanliness, regularity, and moral deportment of the passengers generally, seldom failed to produce a good impression upon the captain, crew and any persons on board who were not Latter-day Saints. The result was, that they would attend the religious meetings or exercises, and some of them become converted to "Mormonism." Thus in the *Olympus*, which sailed in March, 1851, fifty persons were added to the church during the voyage, and in the *International*, which sailed in February, 1853, forty-eight persons, including the captain and other officers of the ship, were added.

As an instance of the estimation, in which the mode of conducting the Latter-day Saints' emigration was held in high quarters, we quote from the *Morning Advertiser*, (a newspaper published in Liverpool,) of June 2, 1854:

"On Tuesday, says the London correspondent of the *Cambridge Independent Press*, I heard a rather remarkable examination before a committee of the House of Commons. The witness was no other than the supreme authority in England of the Mormonites (Elder Samuel W. Richards,) and the subject upon which he was giving information was the mode in which the emigration to Utah, Great Salt Lake, is conducted. \* \* \* He gave himself no airs, but was respectful in his demeanor, and ready in his answers, and at the close of his examination he received the thanks of the committee in rather a marked manner. \* \* \* There is one thing which, in the opinion of the Emigration Committee of the House of Commons, they (the Latter-day Saints) can do, viz., teach Christian ship-owners how to send poor people decently, cheaply and healthfully across the Atlantic."

Both the United States and the British governments undertook at an early day to establish by law certain rules and regulations looking to the safety and convenience of passengers, crossing the Atlantic Ocean, but more especially emigrants wending their way from the British Isles



to American ports. These laws, however, seem to have been very imperfect until the British Parliament in 1852, enacted what was known as the Passengers' Act, which, among many other things, provided that every emigration agent, who shipped companies to North America, should supply the passengers with seventy days provisions, if the ship sailed between the sixteenth day of January and the fourteenth day of October and eighty day's provisions if she sailed between the fourteenth of October and the sixteenth of January, according to the following scale of weekly rations to each statute adult, and half the amount to children between fourteen years and one year old:

"Two and a half pounds of bread or biscuit, not inferior in quality to navy biscuit, one pound of wheat flour, five pounds oatmeal, two pounds rice, half pound sugar, two ounces tea, two ounces salt, also three quarts of water daily for each passenger."

The act authorized substitutes as follows: five pounds of good potatoes, or half pound of beef or pork, exclusive of bone, or of preserved meat, or three-fourths of a pound of dried salt fish, or one pound of bread or biscuit, not inferior in quality to navy biscuit, or one pound of best wheaten flour, or one pound of split peas for one and a quarter pound of oatmeal, or for one pound of rice; and a quarter of a pound of preserved potatoes might be substituted for one pound of potatoes.

In addition to the above scale the Latter-day Saints were furnished for the voyage with two and a half pounds of sago, three pounds of butter, two pounds of cheese, and one pint of vinegar for each statute adult, and half the amount to children between fourteen years and one year old; one pound of beef or pork weekly to each statute adult was substituted for its equivalent in oatmeal. This quantity of provisions enabled many of the passengers to live, during the voyage, more bountifully than they had been in the habit of living in their native countries. Passengers furnished their own beds and bedding, and likewise

their cooking utensils such as a boiler, saucepan and frying pan; also a tin plate, tin dish, knife and fork, spoon and a tin vessel, or an earthen one encased in wickerwork, large enough to hold three quarts of water, for each person. Such provisions as were not consumed on the arrival at New Orleans, were given to the passengers, instead of being returned to England, as in the case of other emigrant ships. If a vessel made a quick trip, there would be a considerable amount left, which would materially aid poor emigrants. The *John M. Wood*, which sailed March 12, 1854, had a quick passage and the amount of provisions saved Perpetual Emigration Fund passengers, was one hundred and fifty pounds of tea, nineteen barrels of biscuit, five barrels of oatmeal, four barrels and four bags of rice and three barrels of pork. The ship provided the cooking apparatus and fuel, and the Passengers' Act required that every passenger ship carrying as many as one hundred statute adults should have on board a seafaring person who should be rated in the ship's articles as passengers' steward, and who should be employed in messing and serving out the provisions to the passengers, and in assisting to maintain cleanliness, order, and good discipline among them, and who should not assist in any way in navigating or working the ship. The act also provided that every passenger ship carrying as many as one hundred statute adults should have on board a seafaring man, or if carrying more than four hundred statute adults, two seafaring men, to be rated and approved as in the case of passengers' steward, who should be employed in cooking the food of the passengers. When the number of passengers exceeded one hundred statute adults, and the space allotted to each on the passengers' deck was less than fourteen feet clear superficial feet, or when, whatever might be the space allotted to the passengers, the number of persons on board (including cabin passengers, officers and crew,) exceeded five hundred, the act required a duly qualified medical practitioner to be carried and rated on the ship's articles. The act provided for

the berthing of the passengers. It required that the berths should be six feet in length, and that eighteen inches in width be allowed to each statute adult. No two passengers, unless members of the same family, should be placed in the same berth, nor in any case was it allowed to place persons of different sexes, above the age of fourteen years, unless husband and wife, in the same berth. All unmarried male passengers of the age of fourteen years and upwards were berthed in the fore part of the vessel, and were separated from the rest of the passengers by a strong bulkhead.

In 1855, two passenger acts — one American and the other British—were passed, introducing important changes in providing for the comfort and safety of emigrants crossing the Atlantic. The American act came into effect in British ports May 1, 1855, and the British act on October first following. In nearly all its main features as far as those relating to the carriage of passengers between Great Britain and the United States were concerned, the American act was more than covered by the British, and the Latter-day Saint agents, in sending out their companies, complied with the British act, except in the rating of statute adults, where the American act, making two persons between the ages of one and eight years of age equal to a statute adult, was complied with in preference to the British which made between one and twelve years a statute adult. The act of 1855 was considerable of an improvement on the act of 1852, and provided for more room and convenience on board and a better dietary scale; it also provided for medical comforts, and two cooks and a medical practitioner when the number of statute adults exceeded three hundred.

The first ship sailing with a company of Saints after the American act took place was the *Cynosure*, which sailed July 29, 1855, and after the British Act, the *Emerald Isle* which cleared port November 30, 1855.

On arriving at New Orleans the emigrants were received by an agent of the Church stationed there for that purpose,

who procured suitable steamboats for them to proceed on to St. Louis, Mo., without detention. It was the duty of this agent, furthermore, to report to the president in Liverpool, the condition in which these emigrants arrived, and any important circumstance that might be to his advantage to know. At St. Louis another agent of the Church co-operated with the agent sent from England. From thence the emigrants were forwarded still by steamboat to the camping grounds, which in 1853 were at Keokuk, Iowa, at the foot of the lower rapids of the Mississippi, two hundred and five miles from St. Louis, and in 1854 at Kansas City, in Jackson County, Missouri, twelve miles west of Independence. At these out-fitting places the emigrants found their teams, which the agents had purchased, waiting to receive them and their luggage. Ten individuals were the number allotted to one wagon and one tent. In 1854 the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company allowed one hundred pounds of luggage, including beds and clothing, to all persons above eight years old; fifty pounds to those between eight and four years old; none to those under four years. The wagons were generally ordered in Cincinnati and St. Louis, and conveyed by steamboat to the camping grounds. The cattle were purchased of cattle dealers in the western settlements and driven to the camping grounds. The full team consisted of one wagon, two yoke of oxen and two cows. The wagon-covers and tents were made of a very superior twilled cotton procured in England for the emigration of 1853 and 1854. It was generally supplied to the emigrants before their departure from Liverpool, and they made their tents and covers on the voyage, and thus saved expense. A common field tent was generally used. The material was twenty-seven inches wide, and forty-four yards were used for a tent and twenty-six for a wagon cover. The two cost about two guineas, or ten dollars. The poles and cord were procured by the agent in the United States. Each wagon in 1854 containing the £13 and Perpetual Emigration Fund emigrants was supplied

with one thousand pounds of flour, fifty pounds of sugar, fifty pounds of bacon, fifty pounds of rice, thirty pounds of beans, twenty pounds of dried apples and peaches, five pounds of tea, one gallon of vinegar, ten bars of soap, and twenty-five pounds of salt. These articles, and the milk from the cows, the game caught on the plains and the pure water from the streams, furnished to hundreds better diet, and more of it, than they enjoyed in their native lands, while toiling from ten to eighteen hours a day for their living. Other emigrants who had means, of course, purchased what they pleased, such as dried herrings, pickles, molasses, and more dried fruit and sugar.

As soon as a sufficient number of wagons could be got ready and all things prepared, the company or companies moved off under their respective captains. The agent remained on the frontiers, until all the companies were started, and then he would generally go forward

himself, passing the companies one by one and arrive in the Valley first to receive them there, and conduct them into Great Salt Lake City.

From the foregoing it will readily be seen that the transportation of the Latter-day Saints from Europe to the Rocky Mountains was a work of no ordinary magnitude, but that it brought into requisition directly and indirectly, the labors of hundreds of individuals besides the emigrants themselves, and in the years of 1853, 1854 and 1855 it involved an outlay of not less than £40,000 to £50,000 each year, an amount nevertheless small, when the number of emigrants and the distance traveled are considered.

*Andrew Jenson.*

NOTE.—In the January number, on page 134, in the Church Emigration article, it reads that Samuel W. Richards succeeded his brother, Franklin D., in the British Mission, May 1st, 1855. This is a typographical error and should read May 1st, 1852.

## GOD'S VENGEANCE.

### A REMINISCENCE OF GREYSTONE GULCH.

BY ENOD DRALLIW.

#### CHAPTER V. THE MURDER.

"I think, Alice," said Mr. Gainesford as they met again in the room dignified by the name of dining hall, "that the apartment I have chosen for myself is better suited to you. It is more secluded than the one you have occupied, and I am informed that the guests here are sometimes annoyed by intruders. I think we would better change."

"As you please, father," she replied, "but you must have some consideration for your own safety."

"Do no fear for me, my dear," said he; "life is never taken here, but that which is more precious than life."

The meal ended, the necessary arrangements were made for a change of rooms, and each of the guests retired to his own. Wearied with the day's travel, Mr. Gainesford retired early. Not so his daughter. She sat at the small table in

her room, her head bowed upon her hands, while bitter tears flowed between her fingers.

"Why is he so cruel?" she sobbed. "He who has been the kindest of fathers in all else is in this, the dearest matter of all, cruel and unjust. If he only knew how I love Laurence!"

She went to her trunk, took out paper and envelope, and proceeded to write. The name at the top of her letter was that of her lover. She wrote:

"Dearest Laurence: When will this waiting end? Father becomes more stern each day, and he has now forbidden all mention of your name. When will his heart be softened? I feel that we must wait till death comes to him before our hopes can be realized. But oh, how long to wait! Can nothing be done to hasten ——"

She started. What was she writing? Did she desire her father's death? Her

letter said so! She read it again, crumpled it in her hand, and flung it among the dead ashes. Another sheet of paper was taken, and a missive penned, full of sweetest assurances, but with no mention of the barrier between their hearts. This she sealed in its envelope, directed to Laurence, and locked it safely in her trunk.

She retired and tried to sleep. An occasional vehicle rumbled along the street below, and the reverberation of the sound haunted her. Now the scrap of a song, shouted forth in the lusty voice of some urchin on his way home, startled her into complete wakefulness. The clouds which had hovered above the tops of the cliffs, began to gather in blackness over the gorge, and the rumbling of the thunder disturbed her rest. She could endure it no longer. Going to the door, she called the woman who acted in the dual capacity of chambermaid and runner of errands.

"Take this money," said Miss Gainesford, "and purchase some morphine, solution. I am unable to sleep, in spite of my weariness. I desire something to soothe my nerves."

The woman gazed eagerly into the girl's eyes, and saw there the wildness consequent upon loss of rest, and extreme agitation. Without a word she obeyed, and soon returned with a phial of the opiate. Miss Gainesford thanked her, again retired, took a soothing dose of the drug, and was soon in a heavy, dreamless slumber.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The time for revenge has come," said Dalton Morely, as he placed a ladder at the window of Hope's room, and ascended. "Room 13 was his, and this is it." He gently raised the window and entered the apartment. He turned the light of his lantern upon the bed and started as if shot.

"His daughter!" he exclaimed, half aloud. "They have changed rooms!"

He approached the bed where the vision of beauty was sleeping.

"False, like her mother, and beautiful as she! Ah, that fatal beauty! 'Twill lead men to their ruin, 'twill wreck the lives of many!"

He gazed upon her, his look one of bitter reminiscence, mingled with intense yearning. Then his face hardened, his eyes flashed, he set his teeth, he drew the knife from his belt and slowly approached the bed. He raised the glittering weapon above her breast, when a deafening crash of thunder awoke the echoes of the room. She stirred and moaned in her sleep, and uttered the name of her lover.

The assassin shrunk from her bed until she again slept. As he did so the light from his lantern fell upon the table and showed him the phial with its label "Morphine." He seized it and again approached the bed. He placed his face close to hers and inhaled her breath. She had taken some of the drug, and was perhaps already in the sleep that knows no waking. "And if she is not," he said bitterly, "why should she suffer for her mother's treachery? Sleep on thou beautiful girl; whate'er I do, I shall not be thy murderer!"

So saying, he left the room, closed the door, and sought the room of Mr. Gainesford. Stealthily entering, he saw the object of his visit lying in a peaceful sleep. Morely approached and gazed with a look of fiendish hate upon his rival's face. He raised the hand in which he thought he held the knife, and found the phial there. A demoniacal smile crossed his countenance.

"Why not so?" he muttered. "Let both go to their final account by similar means." He placed the phial between Mr. Gainesford's lips, and poured its contents down his throat. His victim struggled, but the hands of the assassin were at his throat, and he could utter no sound. Soon the struggles grew fainter, the breathing more labored. Morely's grasp was relaxed, and a devilish smile darkened his face as he watched his victim's life go out.

Long he stood there, feasting his eyes and feeding his revenge, until at last Mr. Gainesford gasped, his jaw fell, his eyes opened, glazed and sightless, upon his murderer!

With a maniac's joy, Morely left the room, re-entered that of Miss Gainesford,

saw her still in that heavy sleep, replaced the empty phial upon the table, took the knife he had left there, departed as he had come, removed the ladder, and all was silence! Death held his watch alone!

## CHAPTER VI.

## GOD'S VENGEANCE.

That night, as Laurence Daly slept in a village some thirty miles from Greystone Gulch, he had a strange dream. He thought he was in a mountain gorge, when a woman's scream was echoed from the cliffs. Hastening forward, he saw his Hope, pursued by a dark visaged maniac. He rushed toward her, struck her assailant to the ground, and caught her fainting form in his arms.

He awoke with a start, and the dream had so impressed him that he could no longer sleep. He felt that this premonition must be heeded;—that his sweetheart was in trouble and needed his assistance. Arising, he prepared his team, and was soon traveling swiftly westward.

Morning dawned in the village of Greystone Gulch. Breakfast had been prepared in the little inn, and the host went to awaken the guests. No sound came from Mr. Gainesford's room in answer to the knock. Carefully opening the door, the landlord entered. The sight of death upon the bed before him caused him to rush from the room and give the alarm. The one physician of the village was soon at the bedside, and he pronounced it a case of morphine poisoning.

Vainly they sought for the phial.

"There must be one somewhere," said the doctor. Room after room was visited, but no phial could be found.

"His daughter's room has not been entered and she does not know of the death of her father," said the landlord.

The party, now composed of landlord, physician, constable, and guests, proceeded toward the daughter's room. They met the woman who had performed Miss Gainesford's errand on the previous night.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Mr. Gainesford has been poisoned with morphine," answered the landlord.

"Lord save us!" exclaimed the woman, "I bought some for the young lady last night!"

"Ah," said the constable, "here is a clue! What motive could she have had for the murder?"

"I don't know," answered the woman. "She said it was for her nerves, but she looked so wild I had to shudder!"

"They all say that," said the officer. "Let us enter her room."

As they did so, Miss Gainesford awoke, and, starting up, demanded why they had entered without her permission.

"We merely want to make an investigation," answered the detective, as coolly as if engaged in the most ordinary business. "Ah!" he exclaimed as he caught sight of the phial, "here is the bottle—empty." He turned to the grate. "Here is a piece of paper which may throw some light on the subject." He took the crumpled sheet, unfolded it, and read its contents.

"I understand now!" he said; he turned to the startled girl, and with severity of tone addressed her thus: "I arrest you for the murder of your father!"

With a cry she fell back upon her pillow in a swoon. Restoratives were applied and the awful story was told her; the finding of the body of her father; the proofs of morphine poisoning; the statement of the woman; the finding of the empty phial; the fatal letter; all was related to her, and she found herself accused of the murder of her only relative and surrounded by an unbroken chain of circumstantial evidence!

"Let me see my poor father!" she cried convulsively.

She was conducted to the death chamber. As she saw her father's lifeless form, she rushed to the bed and cast herself upon the body.

"Who has done this cruel deed?" she wailed, then lifting her streaming eyes toward heaven—"God forgive them for accusing me, even as I forgive!" Sobbing, and with her "soul flowing from her eyes," she again sank down upon her father's lifeless form, and seemed almost deprived of reason.

"She acts her part well," sneeringly

remarked one of the guests, a young lawyer; "a professional could not do it better!"

By this time the crowd had departed from the death chamber, leaving the officer in charge of his prisoner. The guests had assembled in the dining room, where they were joined by some of the villagers, whom the news of the murder had attracted to the inn.

"Darn my old boots if I believe that gal killed her dad!" boldly proclaimed a rough miner. "I seed her when she come to the hotel, and she is the dangdest, pootiest, innercentest creetur I ever clapped eyes on!"

"Ah my good friend, but the evidence!" suggested the officious lawyer.

"Oh, darn yer evidence!" ejaculated the miner. "I know all about yer circumstancified evidence! It's that kind what allers gives yer a wrong lead and makes you think you've got a vein when you hain't even got a pocket. And it most allers gives you the wrong 'un instead 'o the right 'un, anyhow."

"Well, I will prosecute this case, at any rate, replied the lawyer," and if the jury doesn't convict, then I say, damn a jury!"

"They'll more likely be damned if they do convict her," answered the miner. "Anyhow I am going to give a yell when they let her off and I know they will!"

"Well, we shall see," replied the lawyer as he withdrew from the room.

Justice was swift in California in those days, and to this rule the case in point was no exception. A grand jury was hastily summoned, and after the examination of the chief witness for the prosecution, a true bill was presented, calling on Hope Gainesford to answer for the death of her father by morphine poisoning. The trial was set for two p. m. that day.

In the meantime Laurence Daly was hastening with all possible speed toward the west, before him the vision of his love in need of his assistance. But fate seemed to be against him; for the first time in all the journey he lost the road taken by Mr. Gainesford, and traveled twelve long, weary miles on the road running at right angles with the one pur-

sued by the others. That distance was retraced when his mistake became known, his horses fairly flying over the dusty track.

Two o'clock came, and the little building used as a courthouse was filled to suffocation.

In deep black, without a veil, and with bowed, sorrowful head, the prisoner was led in. A murmur of pity, almost remonstrance, ran through the audience, but it was quickly silenced when the crier announced the opening of the case of "The people vs. Hope Gainesford, Murder in the First Degree." The indictment was read and the prisoner called upon to plead. "Not guilty," she answered almost mechanically.

A jury was empaneled and the taking of testimony began. The first witness was the woman who had been sent for the poison. Her evidence was given without hesitation, and all could see that she spoke the truth. Sympathy for the fair prisoner was materially lessened by this evidence.

Next came the testimony of a guest, who swore that he heard footsteps passing from the room occupied by the girl to that of her father, and that after several hours the steps were retraced and the door of the girl's room closed. He had attached no importance to this at the time, as he thought possibly the father was ill, and his daughter had been attending him. He spoke the truth, as all could see by his manner, and sympathy was almost dead.

The physician was next sworn, and he testified that the death of the man resulted from morphine poisoning.

He was followed by the sheriff, who testified to the finding of the empty bottle labeled "Morphine" upon the prisoner's table. Sympathy had disappeared, and in its place were growing signs of indignation.

"And now," said the prosecuting attorney as he arose, "I have a concluding piece of evidence to present, which I am sure will remove all doubt, if after all we have heard any doubt exists, as to the guilt of the prisoner. This note was found this morning in the fireplace of

her room, where she had evidently thrown it in the hope that it would be destroyed. But an avenging God decreed otherwise, and it is now presented to this jury as the most convincing proof of her foul deed. The clerk will read it."

The drawing of a breath was not heard in that assemblage as the clerk read slowly and distinctly the fatal note:

"Dearest Laurence:—When will this waiting end? Father becomes more stern each day and he has now forbidden all mention of your name. When will his heart be softened? I feel that we must wait till death comes to him before our hopes can be realized. But oh, how long to wait! Can nothing be done to hasten —"

At the conclusion of the reading a murmur of indignation ran through the entire audience, and angry looks were darted toward the sobbing prisoner. "We rest our case," said the lawyer triumphantly.

"Has the defence no witnesses?" inquired the judge.

No answer came.

"I am innocent! I am innocent!" sobbed the girl.

"Then the arguments will be proceeded with," said the judge, without noticing the prisoner's cry.

The attorney arose, reviewed the case from its commencement, pointed out the damaging nature of the evidence, and ended with a strong appeal for conviction.

"Is there no one to represent the prisoner?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, I'll represent her," answered the old miner, who now made his way forward.

Eloquent and simple as was his appeal; presenting as it did such theories in explanation of the events of the preceding night, it fell on deaf ears; and it needed but a few sarcastic words from the prosecuting attorney to deepen the conviction of the girl's guilt.

"I feel that but little need be said by way of charge to the jury," said the judge. You have heard the evidence of the prosecution, gentlemen, and you have also seen that none has been pre-

sented by the defence. The only question you are called upon to decide is whether the circumstantial evidence presented is sufficient for conviction. There can be no question in your minds as to the degree. You must convict her of murder in the first degree, or you must acquit her. The jury may now retire."

Just then the breathless spectators were startled by a strange commotion on the street in front of the court-room. Looking in that direction, they saw a carriage, drawn at a gallop by a pair of foaming horses, stop before the door. In this carriage were two men, Laurence Daly, and the village maniac, Dalton Morely. Springing lightly to the ground, the young man half dragged Morely from his seat, and half carried him into the room.

"I demand that this witness be heard!" he cried in a commanding tone.

At the sound of his voice Miss Gainesford rushed to him, crying "Save me! save me!" and fell almost swooning into his arms. He tenderly placed her in her chair, and faced the astonished judge.

"I heard upon entering this village, of the fearful events of last night and the no less terrible proceedings of this day. I saw this strange man wandering upon the road, inwardly muttering and chuckling at the accomplishment of some act of vengeance performed upon an enemy. Something told me that he could throw some light upon this mystery, and thus save the lawyer, the judge, and the jury from shedding the innocent blood of that girl yonder. I therefore brought him here, and now demand his examination!"

"Three cheers for our side!" shouted our friend, the miner, and then as if ashamed of his manifestation of joy, he slunk quietly into a corner.

"The court consents to the examination of another witness," remarked the judge; and Dalton Morely entered the witness box. As he did so, all eyes were turned toward him, and a murmur of awe passed through the audience, succeeded by a deathlike stillness.

"How long have you known Edward Gainesford?" inquired Laurence, who assumed the position of defendant's attorney.

"Edward Gainesford, Edward Gainesford—" said Morely, his eyes flashing wildly; "I knew him when a boy! But he is dead now, oh yes, he is dead, he is dead!"

The prosecuting attorney was about to object to the witness's testimony, on the ground of insanity, when Morely spoke again, pathos and malignity strangely blending in his utterance. "I had a sweetheart once, Alice Mailton. There she is now," (pointing toward the prisoner;) "no, it is her daughter, but her second self. I know she loved me some, and would have loved me more, but Gainesford came, and she, fickle as she was, deserted me for him."

A pause of some moments ensued, and the picture presented in that court room would have done honor to an artist's pencil. The witness with his arms folded and his head bowed upon his breast; the Judge, jury, and spectators, leaning toward him in an agony of expectation; the prosecuting attorney, his face indicative of contending emotions; Laurence Daly, with head erect and the light of sublime trust upon his countenance; the beautiful prisoner, her lips parted in breathless anxiety, a new hope shining in her eyes—all these combined to form a scene most weird and impressive.

Suddenly the witness exclaimed, "But I shot him, I shot him! He fell in her arms! He looked upon me, and I could endure it no longer! I fled from the spot as though his ghost pursued me! But he lived! She nursed him through his illness—she made him a father. And there," again pointing to the prisoner, "is his daughter, beautiful as her mother when he won her from me!"

Laurence was outwardly the most composed of all those in the court room as he asked his next question: "When did you see Edward Gainesford again?"

"Edward Gainesford I saw last night," replied the witness. "He was in his carriage, and when he drove past me the dust from his carriage wheels covered me. Here is some now," as he brushed a few specks of dust from his coat. "That dust is light, but the load of earth

upon my heart—oh, who can lift that?" He raised his eyes toward heaven, and tears ran down his cheeks.

"When did you meet Edward Gainesford again?" asked Laurence.

The witness returned to the maniac's eyes, and the spectators shuddered as they awaited his reply.

"It was a glorious night," he said hurriedly; "the thunder smote my ears, but it sounded like a heavenly chime; the lightning burned into my brain, until the rain could not quench its fire. I climbed to the window and entered. There she lay in sleep," again indicating the prisoner. "I raised my knife to strike, through her, her false mother, but the thunder came crashing, and I dared not do it. I saw morphine on the table; some of it was gone—she had taken it. I went to Gainesford's room. He slept, but even sleep could not hide his villainy. We were alone together for the first time in twenty years. I raised my hand to strike, but my knife had turned to a phial, and the word MORPHINE burned into my brain with every flash of lightning. Morphine, blessed Morphine!"

His manner became intensified in its vehemence. He rose to his feet and swung his arms violently above his head, in accompaniment to his words.

"I forced the phial between his teeth, I poured its every drop down his perjured throat. He gasped—he struggled, but I held him there with iron grasp. Soon I heard a deadly snore and I laughed to see him gasp his life away! But oh, the joy when his eyes opened upon me, but he could not see—his lips parted, but he could not speak—his soul, black as night, departed, but it could not chide me—and I knew my revenge was complete and he was dead, dead!"

His voice rang through the little room, his arms flung upward, his head thrown back. Suddenly he broke forth in demoniacal laughter: "Dead! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! dead Ha, ha, ha, ha,—a-a-a-h—!" He gurgled, he gasped, his hands flew to his head, blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and he fell to the floor. One convulsive struggle, and



Dalton Morely had followed his victim! The spectators started up as if in panic, but they were quieted by the jury, which arose as one man, its foreman saying in slow and solemn words, "God's vengeance has claimed its own. Hope Gainesford is innocent!" She was carried fainting from the room by Laurence Daly.

\* \* \* \* \*

A year after that weird scene was enacted, a quiet wedding took place in the village of Mayland. The bride was Hope Gainesford, the bridegroom, Laurence Daly. Happiness crowned them after life, but to this day both of them recall with a shudder their terrible experience at Greystone Gulch!

THE END.

## SIEGE OF JERUSALEM BY THE CRUSADERS.

WHEN the distant towers and battlements of Jerusalem suddenly burst upon the vision of the Crusaders, it was to them the happy realization of a long-looked for sight. A joy unspeakable and a thankfulness devout at once took possession of them, and with one impulse the wearied and footsore Christians halted, sank upon their knees, and with bended forms and uncovered heads, humbly and reverently kissed the ground. With peculiar feelings pervading each breast and all eyes rivited upon the spot which marked their journey's end, the crusaders resumed their march. Soon they were within the sacred confines of the Holy City. On the other side of those towering walls stood the Church of the Resurrection and the Holy Sepulchre, the recovery of which from the dominion and profanation of the infidels was the thought which inspired the Crusaders to an arduous and perilous enterprise.

The march of the Crusaders across the arid, scorching plains of Asia Minor had been a protracted one, and one accompanied by the decimating hand of battle, pestilence, famine and desertion.

When the commanding princes and nobles mustered their forces, composed of the flower of the chivalry and yeomanry of Germany, France, Italy, the British Isles, Normandy and Flanders, outside the walls of Constantinople, they numbered fully six hundred thousand men capable of bearing arms, one hundred thousand of whom were cavalry. When reviewed under the walls of Jerusalem, this vast army had dwindled to number only twenty thousand foot and fifteen

hundred horse, with about an equal number of camp followers and pilgrims, the latter carrying no arms. But this small remnant of a once mighty host was made up of warriors in all that the term implies; men who had manfully withstood all the dangers of a long and toilsome campaign and who were not likely to manifest a less inflexible spirit, no matter how insuperable the obstacles yet to surmount might appear, now that the prize for which they had endured so much to obtain was within their very sight.

The Crusaders appeared before Jerusalem the latter part of May, 1099, A. D., and preparations for a complete investment of the city were immediately begun.

When the Roman Empire, deeply impregnated with the seeds of decay, was obliged to withdraw its forces from all far away dependencies to protect its European interests against the predatory incursions of the fierce barbarian hordes of the North, Jerusalem fell into the hands first of one Asiatic tribe and then another. At the particular period with which we are dealing it was under the sway of the Fatimite caliph of Egypt.

When the Egyptian ruler heard that all efforts to cut off the victorious march of the Crusaders through Asia Minor had proved futile, and that they were approaching dangerously near to Jerusalem, he dispatched his trusted and distinguished officer, Istaker, with forty thousand well armed, disciplined and provisioned troops to the defense of the city. This formidable force, assisted by the twenty thousand resident Moslems quickly placed Jerusalem in an admirable state

of defense, rendering it well nigh impregnable.

Jerusalem at this period was in the form of a parallelogram, and contained a mixed population of probably one hundred thousand. It was surrounded by a splendid chain of fortifications. Mount Sion and other hills, made famous through their connection with certain incidents which transpired in the life of the Savior, stood without the line of defenses. The only points at which the city could be attacked by an hostile foe with any certainty of success were the north and west sides. The other two sides were rendered absolutely impracticable to either sally or escalade by rocky, precipitous heights.

As a matter of course the Crusaders drew up their entire strength before those points accessible. Raymond, count of Toulouse, with his contingent, occupied the vantage ground commencing at the southwest corner of the city, and running northward. At the termination of Raymond's lines on the north and continuing northward to the northwest corner, and thence east to the heights came the respective commands of Eustace of Boulogne and his brother, Baldwin; Godfrey of Bouillon; Robert, duke of Normandy; Robert, duke of Flanders; and Tancred, cousin to Bohemond of Antioch. To Godfrey of Bouillon, a man of magnificent traits of character—sagacious, brave, generous, immutable of purpose—and the possessor of a powerful dukedom, was accorded the chief place in the councils and deliberations of their leaders.

On the fifth day of the siege the Crusaders determined on an assault, a determination which certainly was madness in the extreme. They were not provided with the means necessary for anything like a successful attack on solid walls of masonry. They harbored the inspiring but delusive idea that heaven would come to their assistance and do that for them which usually called into requisition the services of those invaluable adjuncts of the besieger's art to accomplish, namely, the battering-ram, the moveable tower, the mining machine, the ballistic engine, and the scaling ladder.

The assault was made. Bravely, almost with a preternatural courage did the Crusaders sustain themselves. But heaven, for some inexplicable cause, failed to perform the part which they in their profound ignorance and superstition had allotted to it. The Crusaders succeeded in forcing their way through the barbican, or outward gate, throwing its defenders into much confusion and disorder by the impetuosity of their attack. But the high, massive rampart within the inclosure, in which the assaulting columns found themselves, resisted any further progress. From the top of the rampart the Moslems hurled down upon the devoted heads of the Crusaders, stones, timber, and other death-dealing missiles. To such a terrific, overwhelming discharge, the Crusaders could respond with but the lightest of weapons and without any apparent discomfort or injury to the besieged, for not at any time was there a lull in that fierce storm of maiming, crushing, destroying projectiles which enveloped the Crusaders. The unequal struggle was continued for some time, but at length the Crusaders, faint at heart, with ranks bruised, shattered, and broken, beat a retreat.

The disastrous result of this assault had a salutary effect on the Crusaders. It taught them a wholesome lesson. In unmistakable plainness they were shown that they must not look for any miraculous interposition of the powers of heaven to tear down or open breaches in stone walls for them, or to render the arms of the infidels powerless to raise in their defense. With irresistible force it was brought to their minds that if their enterprise were to terminate as they hoped and prayed it would—to their honor and success—that they must bring to their assistance those appliances needful to the effectual and expeditious reduction of strongly walled cities. These appliances the crusaders did not possess, neither did they have in the camp the materials necessary nor the mechanics competent for their construction; but obtain them they must.

The country in the immediate vicinity of Jerusalem was scoured for timber

The country in the immediate vicinity of Jerusalem was scoured for timber sufficiently large and strong for the making of towers, battering-rams, ladders, ballistic engines and mining machines, but without success. Finally it was discovered that at a place thirty miles distant suitable timber could be procured. This was Sichem, famous as the resting place of the patriarch Jacob. The transportation of the necessary timber from Sichem to Jerusalem was attended by arduous labor and perplexing difficulties, and occupied considerable time before it was accomplished. After further troublesome delay, other needed materials and some Genoese artificers, skilled in the manufacture of the different siege appliances were brought into camp from the seaport of Jaffa, and the construction of the desired implements was begun.

Forty days elapsed from the beginning of the siege before the crusaders had everything in readiness for their second and last assault upon Jerusalem. Those forty days were days of much suffering, anxiety and dependency to them. The supply of food for both man and beast was woefully inadequate to the demand. The Moslems on the approach of the Crusaders had destroyed all the reservoirs and other water receptacles. The intense heat of the Asiatic summer had made dry the brooks of Siloe and Kedron. Only here and there were to be found springs sending through the parched and barren soil but meagre streams of the life sustaining fluid. The thirst of the crusaders was at times intolerable. Parties sent out to search for food and water were liable at any moment to be surprised and captured or slaughtered by overpowering numbers of fleet horsemen of the enemy who were constantly hovering near.

Under such a distressing condition of things it is not to be wondered at that when the word was circulated throughout the crusading lines to prepare for a forward movement that the summons was joyfully, thankfully received in every quarter.

On the eve of the day set for the assault, the Crusaders arrayed in all

their habiliments of war, but bearing aloft crucifixes instead of banners and other warlike devices, and headed by the spiritual advisers of the camp, the priests, moved in procession around the walls of the city. Instead of the cheery, animating streams of martial music, the solemn, measured chanting of religious hymns was substituted.

After a detour of the walls had been made the Mounts Sion and Olives were ascended, and from their lofty, hallowed summits, the crusaders returned thanks to heaven for the many blessings and benefits it had in its beneficence bestowed, and asked a continuance of the divine favor, to grant to their arms on the morrow a victory glorious and complete.

To these religious exercises, mummeries to them, the infidel defenders on the walls were not passive observers. While they were in progress the Moslems kept up a continued fusillade of shouts, jeers and insulting epithets which excited the indignation of the Crusaders to an exasperating degree. To arouse the ire of the Christians to a still higher pitch, at various stages of the proceedings, crucifixes, those passionately cherished emblems of the Christian church, would be produced, and holding them high above their heads the infidels with derisive shouts of laughter and sacrilegious remarks would spit upon them and cover them with filth. Such insults to themselves and to their most holy faith the Crusaders felt could only be and would be effaced in the blood of those who had wantonly and impiously offered them.

On the morning of the fortieth day the Crusaders moved forward to the assault. From the first movement to each succeeding one there was manifest on the part of the Crusaders a method of procedure, a celerity of action, and an intrepidity of bearing which clearly foreshadowed that sooner or latter they would triumph. During the entire day the battle raged with a fierceness and a bitterness between Christian and infidel, such as only diverse and clashing religious sentiments can produce and sustain in the hearts of the combatants. The prodigious and telling labors of the

Crusaders were met at every point by prompt and indefatigable efforts on the part of the Moslems. Not until darkness commanded a cessation of the conflict did the latter cease to answer with confidence and vigor the attacks of the former with masses of rock, pieces of timber, the deadly Greek fire and other destructibles.

At even the Crusaders withdrew their forces, torn and bleeding, it must be said, but hopeful and determined, and conscious of the fact that the work of the day had not altogether been in vain. The battering-rams and mining machines proved to be the most potent factors in the day's struggle. The walls in several places were either seamed or breached. Of the two moveable towers that went into action, the one operated by Raymond was damaged beyond anything like immediate repair in the early part of the day. Some Greek fire thrown from the wall struck it, setting it on fire, and before the flames could be extinguished it was rendered useless. The one under the control of Godfrey fared better. For a time a deep moat or ditch impeded its advance movement, but when this was spanned, by much exertion and amid a galling shower of arrows, darts and stones, the tower glided safely across it and was brought to a standstill in close proximity to the outer wall, and thus it stood, no mean antagonist, when the shades of night put a stop to further hostilities.

The following morning the conflict, marked with all the prominent features that attended it on the preceding day, was renewed and continued unintermittingly till three o'clock in the afternoon. At this particular time the tower of Godfrey, forced through the barbican, had been advanced near enough to the inner rampart to admit of the lowering of its drawbridge. No sooner did the swinging end of the drawbridge find a resting place on the parapet of the rampart, than two brothers, Letoldus and Englebert, of Flanders, and noted for their exceptional strength and courage, were the first to spring lightly across it. The third to cross was Godfrey, with banner in hand,

and he in turn was closely followed by others of the occupants of the tower. In a hand to hand encounter, the sturdy, heavily armed soldiers of the West were more than a match for the less powerful, lightly armed warriors of the East. Brief but decisive was the struggle. Those of the defenders who had the temerity to remain and contest the way of the Crusaders in the circumscribed arena of the rampart were either struck down or hurled from the battlements to the ground below. The way cleared, the followers of Godfrey rushed into the city.

Almost simultaneously with Godfrey's success, Tancred and Robert of Flanders burst through St. Stephen's gate, one of the main entrances to the city, and the Count of Toulouse by means of scaling ladders gallantly carried the rampart in his front. Quickly following the successful and stimulating efforts of their colleagues, the other leaders forced their way into the city through the several breaches in the walls. The Moslems at every quarter broke and fled. Soon the conquering colors of the champions of the cross were triumphantly floating in all parts from the fortifications of Jerusalem. Jerusalem was won. The purpose of the crusade—the recovery of the Church of the Resurrection and the Holy Sepulchre—was accomplished. In the land and city of its birth, Christianity had achieved a signal triumph over Islamism. Then was enacted a scene that was flagitious, cruel, revolting, unnatural, but one which the culpable ignorance and ferocious superstition of the age approved, witnessing in it a merited retribution for the adherence to a detestable religious belief if for nothing else. With what pride we are prone to point sometimes as the ages come and go, to the superiority in civilization, in refinement, in culture, of each out going age to that of its predecessors; but yet, when the spirit of love, of humanity is banished from the human heart and the spirit of hate, of barbarity assumes full sway of the being, how suddenly we are carried back and become assimilated with the darkest, the most ignorant and savage periods of man's condition, and all our

boasted civilization, our refinement, our culture go for naught.

The Moslem soldiery defeated and thrust from the walls fled in precipitate and disordered haste, being joined in their mad flight by the terror-stricken Moslem inhabitants, to the mosques, entertaining the fond hope that under the shelter of their sacred domes there would be found peace and safety. A more delusive or forlorn hope could not have been nursed. The Crusaders, with aspect fierce and unyielding, swept down upon the wretched, crowded fugitives in their places of worship, and the hurried work of slaughter was begun. No discrimination as to age or sex was made. The man whom the hand of time had whitened his locks, wrinkled his brow and bent his form, to the innocent, smiling infant at its mother's breast, were alike—one and all—sacrificed to the relentless fury and fanatical cruelty of the Crusaders. It is computed that in one mosque alone—the Mosque of Omar—ten thousand persons were slain. Subsequently, when narrating the circumstances connected with the siege and capture of Jerusalem the Crusaders boasted of having ridden up to their knees in the blood of the infidels in the Mosque of Ormar.

When the inhuman slaughter had continued for some time the Crusaders suddenly desisted, not from any feeling of compassion for the helpless and pitiable condition of their victims, or because they were struck with terror or remorse for their bloody work, but because a devotional spirit had all at once taken possession of them. They must do penance for their sins and return thanks to heaven for their victory before the sacred shrine of their Lord—the Holy Sepulchre.

Throwing aside their blood-stained swords and cleansing themselves of all signs of the recent butchery, the Crusaders, with uncovered heads and bared feet, in pious abasement, repaired to the Church of the Résurrection. From there they moved in solemn procession to the Hill Cavalry, and there over the spot which tradition assigned as the tomb of the Redeemer of the world, they passed the remainder of the day in devotional

exercises, which consisted mainly of a strange admixture of prayer, confession, chanting and weeping.

On the morning following the capture of Jerusalem, those of the Moslem garrison and inhabitants who had escaped the preceding day's massacre, were dragged by the Crusaders, their pliant natures having undergone another sudden transition of feeling, this time from the devotional back again to the brutal, from their places of concealment and ruthlessly put to the sword, with the exception of a few who were spared only to be consigned to the horrors of slavery. The Jewish portion of the population taking refuge in their synagogues found a fearful death within the walls by fire. These scenes of blood were accompanied by the pillaging of the city, the victors greedily confiscating everything of value. The lives and property of the Christian residents, of course, were held sacred.

After the city had been purged of its infidel inhabitants, the streets and squares washed, the churches and mosques, where the devotees of Mohammedism were wont to worship, purified, then dedicated and consecrated anew to the use of the adherence of Christianity, and everything done that was needful to convert Jerusalem into a well-ordered Christian city, the several leaders of the crusading hosts came together in council to consider the advisability of establishing in Palestine, with Jerusalem as the seat of government, a feudal kingdom. After mature deliberation it was the unanimous decision that such a kingdom should be established. It was accordingly done with the election of Godfrey of Bouillon as King and special protector of the Holy Sepulchre, July 23, 1099, A. D.

As a properly constituted commonwealth of the feudal type, the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem took its place among the kingdoms of the world and was an acknowledged power, particularly in Asia, both in secular and religious affairs for eighty-eight years, when it succumbed to that mighty wave of Saracen conquest forced onward in its devastating course by the illustrious and powerful Saladin.

*T. Y. Stanford.*

# THE CONTRIBUTOR.

JUNIUS F. WELLS, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY, 1892.

## AMNESTY.

THE following petition for amnesty has been presented to the President of the United States:

SALT LAKE, Dec. 19, 1891.

"We, the First Presidency and Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, beg respectfully to represent to your Excellency the following facts:

"We formerly taught to our people that polygamy, or celestial marriage, as commanded by God through Joseph Smith, was right; that it was a necessity to man's highest exaltation in the life to come.

"That doctrine was publicly promulgated by our President, the late Brigham Young, forty years ago, and was steadily taught and impressed upon the Latter-day Saints up to a short time before September, 1890. Our people are devout and sincere, and they accepted the doctrine, and many personally embraced and practiced polygamy.

"When the Government sought to stamp the practice out, our people, almost without exception, remained firm, for they, while having no desire to oppose the Government in anything, still felt that their lives and their honor as men were pledged to a vindication of their faith; and that their duty towards those whose lives were a part of their own was a paramount one, to fulfill which they had no right to count anything, not even their own lives, as standing in the way. Following this conviction hundreds endured arrest, trial, fine and imprisonment, and the immeasurable suffering borne by the faithful people, no language can describe. That suffering, in abated form, still continues.

"More, the Government added disfranchisement to its other punishments for those who clung to their faith and fulfilled its covenants.

"According to our faith the head of our Church receives, from time to time, revelations for the religious guidance of his people.

"In September, 1890, the present head of the Church, in anguish and prayer, cried to God for help for his flock, and received permission to advise the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that the law commanding polygamy was henceforth suspended.

"At the great semi-annual conference which was held a few days later, this was submitted to the people, numbering many thousands and representing every community of the people in Utah, and was by them in the most solemn manner accepted as the future rule of their lives.

"They have since been faithful to the covenant made that day.

"At the late October conference, after a year had passed by, the matter was once more submitted to the thousands of people gathered together, and they again in the most potential manner, ratified the solemn covenant.

"This being the true situation and believing that the object of the government was simply the vindication of its own authority and to compel obedience to its laws, and that it takes no pleasure in persecution, we respectfully pray that full amnesty may be extended to all who are under disabilities because of the operation of the so-called Edmunds and Edmunds-Tucker laws. Our people are scattered; homes are made desolate; many are still imprisoned; others are banished or in hiding. Our hearts bleed for those. In the past they followed our counsels, and while they are thus afflicted our souls are in sackcloth and ashes.

"We believe there are nowhere in the Union a more loyal people than the Latter-day Saints. They know no other country except this. They expect to live and die on this soil.

"When the men of the South, who were in rebellion against the government, in 1865, threw down their arms and asked for recognition along the old lines of citizenship, the Government hastened to grant their prayer.

"To be at peace with the Government and in harmony with their fellow citizens who are not of their faith, and to share in the confidence of the government and people, our people have voluntarily put aside something which all their lives they have believed to be a sacred principle.

"Have they not the right to ask for such clemency as comes when the claims of both law and justice have been fully liquidated?

"As shepherds of a patient and suffering people, we ask amnesty for them, and pledge our faith and honor for their future.

"And your petitioners will ever pray.

*Wilford Woodruff,  
George Q. Cannon,  
Joseph F. Smith,  
Lorenzo Snow,  
Franklin D. Richards,  
Moses Thatcher,  
Francis M. Lyman,  
H. J. Grant,  
John Henry Smith,  
John W. Taylor,  
M. W. Merrill,  
Anthon H. Lund,  
Abraham H. Cannon.*

This petition is accompanied by the following endorsement by the Governor and Chief Justice of the Territory:

"SALT LAKE CITY, Utah,

December 21, 1891.

"To the President:

"We have the honor to forward herewith a petition signed by the President and most influential members of the Mormon Church. We have no doubt of its sincerity, and no doubt that it is tendered in absolute good faith. The signers include some who were most determined in adhering to their religious faith, while polygamy, either mandatory or permissive, was one of its tenets, and they are men who would not lightly pledge their faith and honor to the Government or subscribe to such a document without having fully resolved to make their words good in letter and spirit. •

"We warmly recommend a favorable consideration of this petition, and if your Excellency shall find it consistent with your

public duties to grant the relief asked, we believe it would be graciously received by the Mormon people and tend to evince to them what has always been asserted, that the government is beneficent in its intentions, only asks obedience to its laws, and desires all law abiding citizens to enjoy all the benefits and privileges of citizenship. We think it will be better for the future if the Mormon people should now receive this mark of confidence.

"As to the form and scope of a reprieve or pardon, granted in the exercise of your constitutional prerogative, we make no suggestions. You and your law advisers will best know how to grant what you may think should be granted.

"We are, very respectfully,

"Arthur L. Thomas,

"Governor of Utah.

"Charles S. Zane,

"Chief Justice of Utah Territory."

The President and the Cabinet have discussed this earnest appeal, and it is understood are favorable to granting the amnesty. The power to do so, however, has been questioned, and Senator Paddock has introduced a bill amending the Edmunds-Tucker act so as to give the President the desired authority.

"The Wonderlands of the Wild West," from the pen of A. B. Carlton, late chairman of the Utah Commission, is just from the press, and proves to be a valuable addition to the books dealing with Utah and her people. A residence of seven years among the Mormons, observing with an unprejudiced mind the happenings during that stormy period of our history, has assisted Mr. Carlton in presenting a work of unusual interest and free from that bias usually found in works of that character. He tells of our faults, relates our punishments, and does not overlook our virtues. The book is handsomely illustrated, and has portraits of Presidents Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Geo. Q. Cannon, and Jos. F. Smith. Geo. Q. Cannon & Sons are general agents, and the price is \$2.00 postpaid.

# PROGRAM FOR JUNE CONTESTS.

## VOCAL.

- 1—Grand Prize, Male Chorus, "Comrades in Arms," (furnished by CONTRIBUTOR,) . . . . . \$250.00  
United clubs, members of one Stake.  
Not over 100, nor under 50 voices.
- 2—Male Chorus, "The Dawn of Day," (CONTRIBUTOR,) . . . . . 100.00  
Not over 25 nor under 15 voices.
- 3—Tenor Solo and Chorus, "The Linden Tree." Nine voices. (January CONTRIBUTOR,) . . . . . 75.00  
(Chorus, \$50.00; soloist, \$25.00)
- 4—Male Quartette, "The Blossoms Close at Eve," (CONTRIBUTOR), 40.00
- 5—Trio, "Yon Towering Peaks," (CONTRIBUTOR,) . . . . . 30.00
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## GOOD-NIGHT.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

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### *Tenderly.*

1st and 2nd Tenor.

Musical notation for the Tenor part of the song. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The first line of music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

1. Good-night. good-night be - lov - ed, I  
2. Thine eyes are stars of morn - ing, Thy

1st and 2nd Bass.

Musical notation for the Bass part of the song. It features a bass clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The accompaniment is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The first line of music is marked with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic.

Musical notation for the Chorus part of the song. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The first line of music is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

come to watch o'er thee; Good-night, good-night be -  
lips are crim-son flow'rs; Thine eyes are stars of



**Baritone Solo.**

Good  
Thine

*f* *>* *rit.*

lov - ed, I come to watch o'er thee, good - night!  
morn - ing, Thy lips are crim - son flow'rs, good-night!

night, goodnight be lov - ed, I come to watch o'er  
eyes are stars of morn - ing, Thy lips are crim - son

*pp*

Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

thee, Good - night, goodnight be-lov - ed, While I  
flow'rs. Be - lov'd one, to be near thee, Is

Good-night! Good-night! Good night!

## GOOD-NIGHT.

count the weary hours. Good-night, good -  
 peace alone for me.

Ah Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 2/4 time, with lyrics 'count the weary hours. Good-night, good -' and 'peace alone for me.' The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring chords and a melodic line with lyrics 'Ah Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!' below it. The bottom staff is the bass line.

night be - lov - ed, While I count the weary hours.  
 I come to watch o'er thee.

Good-night! Good-night! Ah! Good-night! Good-night! I

*mf.*

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics 'night be - lov - ed, While I count the weary hours. I come to watch o'er thee.' The middle staff is the piano accompaniment with lyrics 'Good-night! Good-night! Ah! Good-night! Good-night! I' and a dynamic marking '*mf.*' above it. The bottom staff is the bass line.

*rit.*

I come to watch o'er thee.

*rit. e dim.* *ff* *pp*

come to watch o'er thee, Good-night! Good-night.

Detailed description: This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics 'I come to watch o'er thee.' and a dynamic marking '*rit.*' above it. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment with lyrics 'come to watch o'er thee, Good-night! Good-night.' and dynamic markings '*rit. e dim.*', '*ff*', and '*pp*' above it. The bottom staff is the bass line.

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ESTABLISHED 1879.

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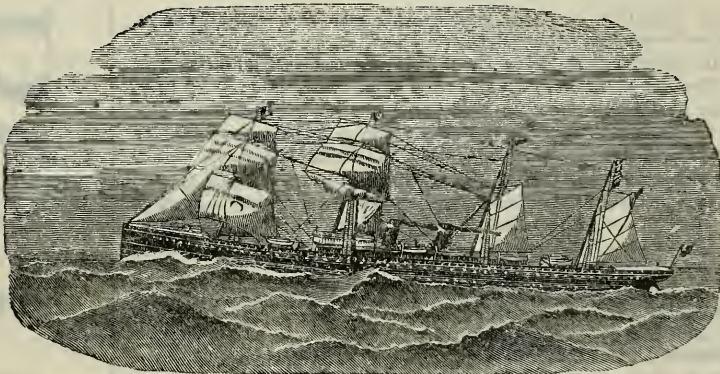
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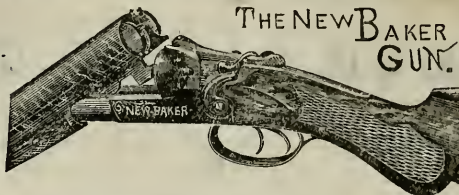


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